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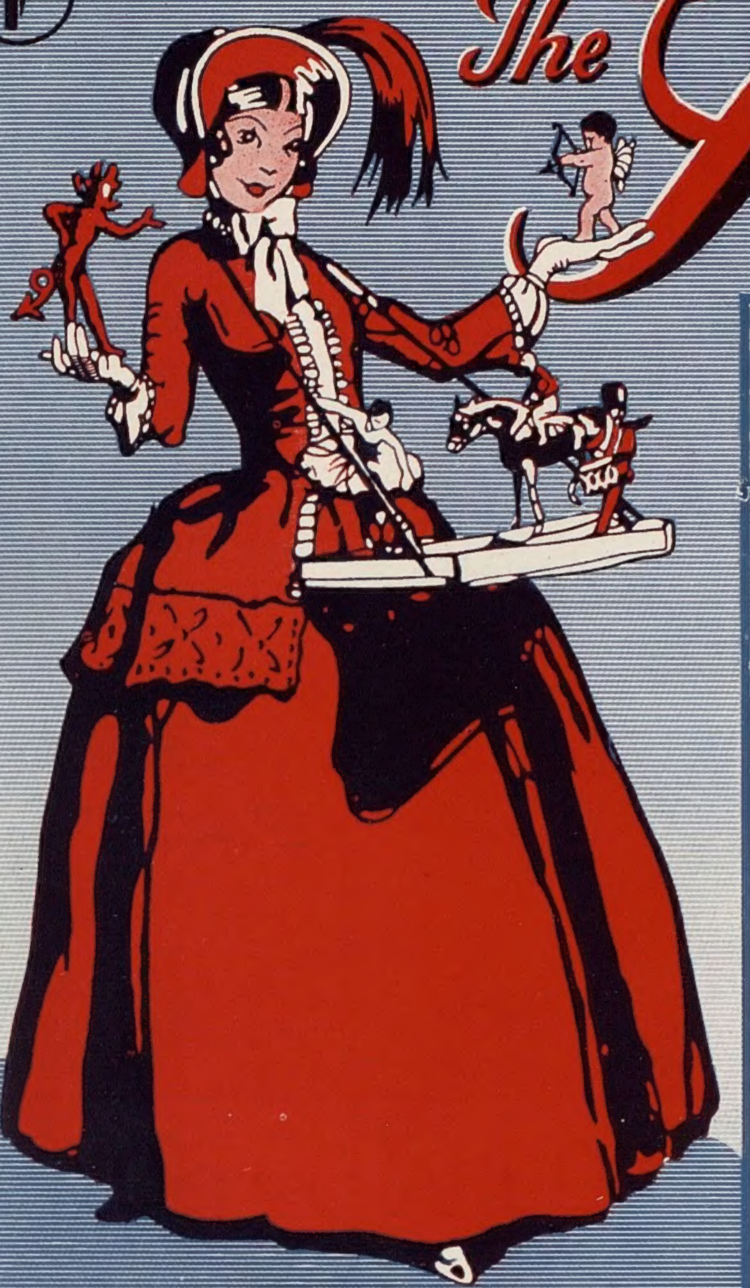
The Sketch



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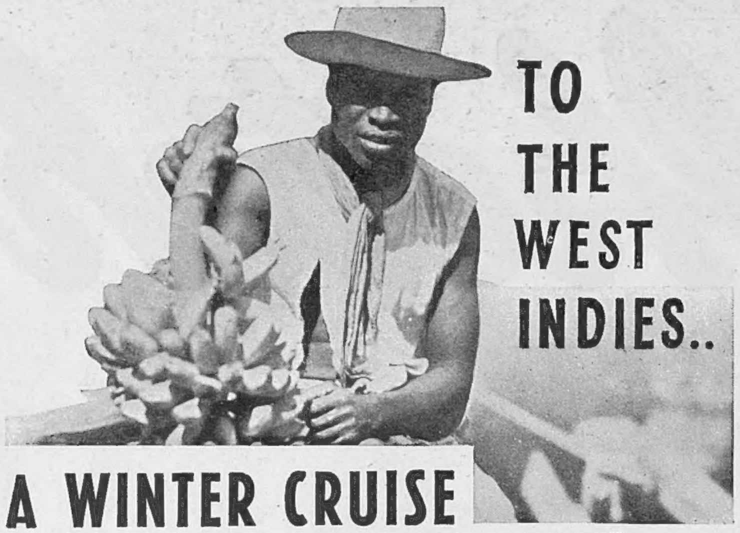

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The Sketch

No. 2343—Vol. CLXXX. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1937. ONE SHILLING

SHIRLEY TEMPLE GREETS YOU!

SHIRLEY TEMPLE, *whose new 20th Century-Fox picture,* "HEIDI," *was due to be given at the Regal, Marble Arch, on December 17, sends her Christmas greetings to* "*Sketch*" *readers, in her own hand-writing. Many famous film actors and actresses have wished you all a Happy Christmas in past years, and this joyous custom is carried on again this Yuletide, as is proved by other pages of pictures in this number.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE SAME TO YOU.

ENOUGH of this procrastination! The grim truth can no longer be concealed. Christmas is fast approaching, and you, Sir—I mean *you*, Mr. Kemp—have got to say a few well-chosen, or, at least, well-meant, words about it. Have you no message for the waiting thousands who, feeling a little blue, perhaps, at the number of cheques they have signed and the accounts they have been running up, are looking to you to brighten their Yuletide for them?

Well, frankly, I don't think I have any message which will strike you as being at all original. You can hardly expect it. After all, messages on this subject have been delivered for 1937 years, and the topic has been covered fairly well in the course of that time. I should like to be able to help you. I wish I could impart to you some magic secret for solving your Christmas-present problem; but I can't, because I have been wrestling with it myself all my life, and every year I have to start again from scratch. Man, and even woman, wants surprisingly little here below. Economists and philosophers are always telling us that there are not enough of this world's goods to go round, and yet it is astonishing to discover every December that nobody wants anything at all. Nobody knows what anybody else needs, nor even what he (or she) himself (or herself) needs—except, of course, what nobody is likely to give. That is where the children score over us; *they* know what they want, and they also have a pretty shrewd idea (bless their mercenary little hearts!) that they are likely to get it. Ah, if all of us could only concentrate our devices and desire on a train, or a Mickey Mouse, or a tin limousine, instead of having to take refuge desperately in a tie, or a pair of silk socks, or a dozen golf-balls, how much simpler life would be every December! How I envy those persons of genius who can discover the "useful" present—and by the useful present I mean the thing which you didn't know you needed until you got it. There are dozens of such things to be found in the pages of this very journal—but you must look for them with imagination.

Imagination—that is what makes Christmas. It makes the children's Christmas entirely—and magnificently. It re-creates every year, dramatically and vividly, the story of the beginning of the most remarkable life yet lived on earth. It is the faculty which makes the "Christmas spirit"—for, after all, good will among men is only a matter of tolerance and understanding, and tolerance and understanding need, above all, imagination. If people could only exercise a little more imagination about each other, they would be having a better Christmas in Spain and China than they seem likely to have at the time of going to press.

I am afraid we have to imagine a few depressing things at Christmas as well as jolly ones. If your morning mail has been anything like mine during the past few weeks, you have been reminded rather forcibly that there are a great many people who have not much prospect of being "merry" this Christmas, except by the sheer gallantry of their spirits—people, for example, in hospital wards and in homes which don't know where the next loaf, let alone the next turkey, is coming from. I dare say you have felt a certain pricking of conscience that while you don't know what you want for Christmas when your wife asks you (assuming that she is that sort of wife), there are all those others who want so much; but probably you have also felt that if you were Rockefeller, Rothschild, and Ford, combined in one, you might begin to distribute a few Christmas comforts and warm underwear—but, not being the Bank of England, you don't know just *where* to begin. Yes, it is awkward; but I don't think, if I were you, I should regret any of those cheques which you have signed. Drops in the ocean? Well, what the hymn says about little drops of water may be somewhat trite as a sentiment, but is absolutely unassailable as a scientific principle.

I will tell you something about those cheques—something which I think really *is* a message, though it may have occurred to you already, and though you may not regard it as tidings of comfort and joy. It is this—that however many cheques you have signed this December, *you will sign even more in January*. But do not let that deter you—quite the contrary! The only way to be a cheerful giver at Christmas is not to think about the New Year. Sufficient unto the January is the evil thereof. If you once begin thinking about January, with Inland Revenue and all its other attendant evils and nation-wide scourges, you will never draw a cheque the whole year round, unless it is extracted from you by a solicitor's letter. Remember that the vultures who flock round you in January are not people who, like the Christmas Charities, have any claim upon your generosity—they are merely people to whom you owe money. Do not let their sordid, Scrooge-like spirit interfere with your better nature at the festive season.

"NO, THIS ISN'T 'TOOTS'!"

DRAWN BY VICKY.

I don't think there is anything else I can tell you about Christmas which you don't know already. You know, for instance, what happened last time you took port with the Stilton; however, Christmas comes but once a year, and you may think port and Stilton worth it. Do please remember this year that Sister-in-law Geraldine, who isn't any younger than she was last year, but who hasn't given up hope, does *not* like getting the thimble every time; I know it's awful how she *always* seems to get it, but show a little tact when you are cutting the slices—these things can always be arranged. I don't think your imitation of a bear sitting up and trying to catch a bun really went over big with the kids last year—I'd try something more subtle this year, but *not* that sea-lion solo: it is beginning to pall. I shouldn't try the tenor in "Good King Wenceslas": stick to the bass, and just keep it an octave lower than the soprano—it's safer, and it sounds nice and manly. Otherwise—no, I don't think I have any message, except your very good health, wealth, and happiness this year, next year, some time, and ever.

THE BRISTLEWOODS.

A Merry Christmas is ensured by the arrival of Aunt Zoë and Uncle Eustace.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

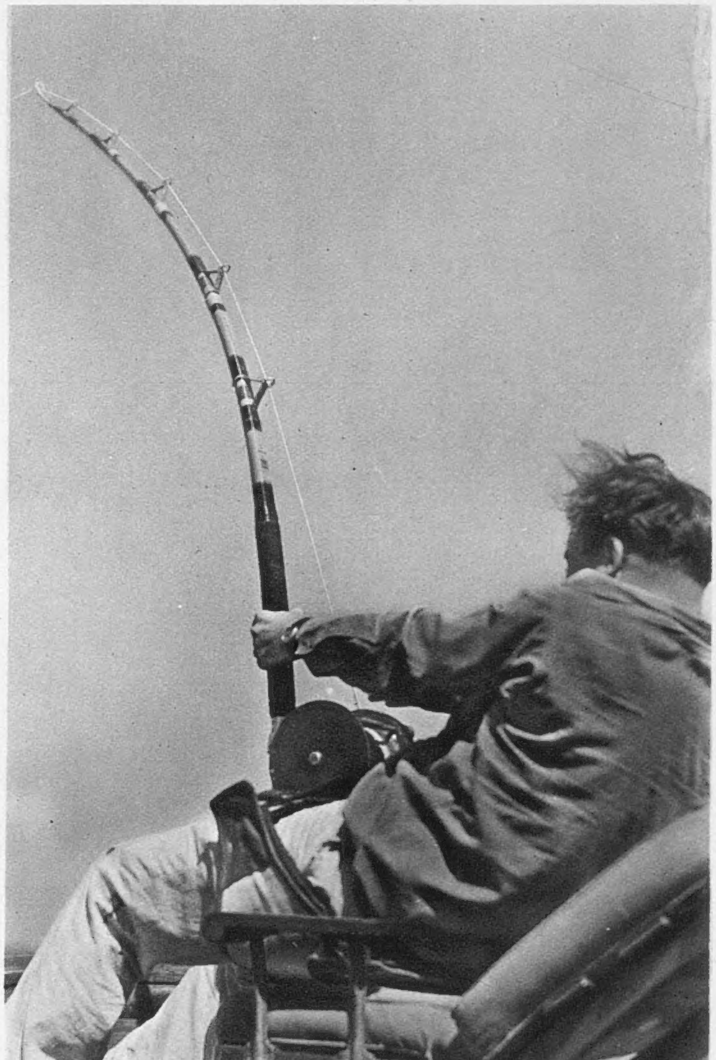
"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

NOT by the wildest stretch of imagination can the activities of a trepang fisher be linked up with the sport of angling. Trepang, or bêche-de-mer, is the decidedly unromantic sea-slug, which may measure anything from a few inches up to 2½ ft. in length, and can be picked up on the bottom of the sea. At times it may be found in shallow water, but more often it is collected by native and Japanese divers, who descend to a depth of four or five fathoms and sometimes considerably more. However, there are many facts of interest to anglers in "Adventures of a Trepang Fisher," in which book Mr. G. H. Sunter relates his experiences over a period of five years while collecting trepang on the coast of the Northern Territory of Australia. Working in close contact with black-fellow and Japanese, he is able to reveal many curious facts about their habits and customs. Trepang, by the way, has to be boiled, smoked, and dried before it is ready for marketing, and it fetches up to £300 a ton, though seldom over half that price. The dangers to which the divers are exposed are manifold. Mr. Sunter relates some hair-raising experiences of a Japanese diver. On one occasion a giant ray, about 14 ft. across the wings, settled down on the top of the Jap, forcing him to his hands and knees. He escaped, as the ray was attacked by a tiger-shark. The same diver was also held by a huge octopus with tentacles about ten feet long, and escaped after a terrifying ordeal. Another Japanese diver was working at Popham Bay, when he saw a large shark approaching, and "froze." While waiting for the shark to pass on, he felt his leg gripped, and realised, to his horror, that he had stepped into an open clam-shell—the heaviest of these clam-shells on record weighed 4½ cwt., and Mr. Sunter gives instances of men being trapped by these huge molluscs and drowned. The diver managed to cut himself free, when the shark disappeared, but no sooner had he done so than a 20-ft. tiger-shark came up and swallowed the mutilated clam. The shark was then attracted by the bubbles from the diver's helmet and watched them for several minutes before passing on.

Big Fish Caught by Sea Anglers. Not all the big fish get away, as you will see if you look in the Christmas Number of the *Angler's News* and glance through the list of 548 notable salt-water fish caught in 1937. Mr. G. F. Townsend's 14¼-lb. bass, recorded in *The Sketch* of Nov. 3, heads the bass list, but there are a dozen more weighing 10 lb. and over. Sir Edward Mountain equalled the record for bull huss, or greater spotted dogfish, with an 18-pounder caught in Weymouth Bay. Most of the big cod were caught at Ballycotton, the two heaviest weighing 27 lb. each—one caught by Major Marnsell at Ballycotton, and the other by Mr. Sawyer at Eastbourne.

The heaviest conger (57 lb.) was caught by Mr. G. Bates at Dungeness, where Mr. H. A. Kelly caught the record conger of 84 lb. in 1933. Six other conger from 40 lb. to 55½ lb. are in the list. A couple of dabs, 2 lb. and 2 lb. 1 oz., show what a dab can do, and I see my friend Dr. Mark R. Taylor landed a record flounder of 4 lb. 1½ oz. at Fowey. Rear-Admiral H. E. Hoare had three grey mullet of 4½ lb. each, and one of 7 lb. 2 oz., which heads the list.

Handsome Haddocks. If you want a really handsome haddock or a winsome whiting, Shieldaig is the place to go, for it has yielded ten haddocks from 4 lb. to 5¾ lb., and seventeen whiting from 3 lb. to 4 lb. 6 oz. Ballycotton and Cornwall share between them the honours for big pollack—sixty of them over 10 lb., and ten over 14 lb., with a 16-pounder caught by Mr. V. C. Hewlett off the Longships as top fish. The heaviest ling, 28 lb., was caught at Coverack by Mr. H. S. Longhurst. Ballycotton was responsible also for the biggest skate: 194 lb., caught by Mr. W. S. Medcalf. The same angler landed at Eastbourne the best thornback skate, 17½ lb. Nine soles of 2 lb. and up to 2 lb. 14 oz. were not lost soles. The biggest one was caught by Mr. W. Humphreys off Seaview Pier; and some people think pier anglers never catch anything! The tope have the nice distinction of being divided into two classes, mixed fishing now allowed. Mr. D. S. Southcombe caught a female tope of 56 lb., but the palm for the best fish of the year in all classes is awarded to Mr. A. Davey, for landing a male tope of 49 lb. 9 oz. The remaining lists are: tunny, best fish, 707 lb., caught by Mr. W. F. Henn; turbot, 15 lb. 8½ oz., two specimens of this weight caught by Mr. S. Butchers and Mr. P. Morel; wrasse, also a dead-heat, of 7 lb. 4 oz., between Mr. A. A. Outram and Mr. R. West.

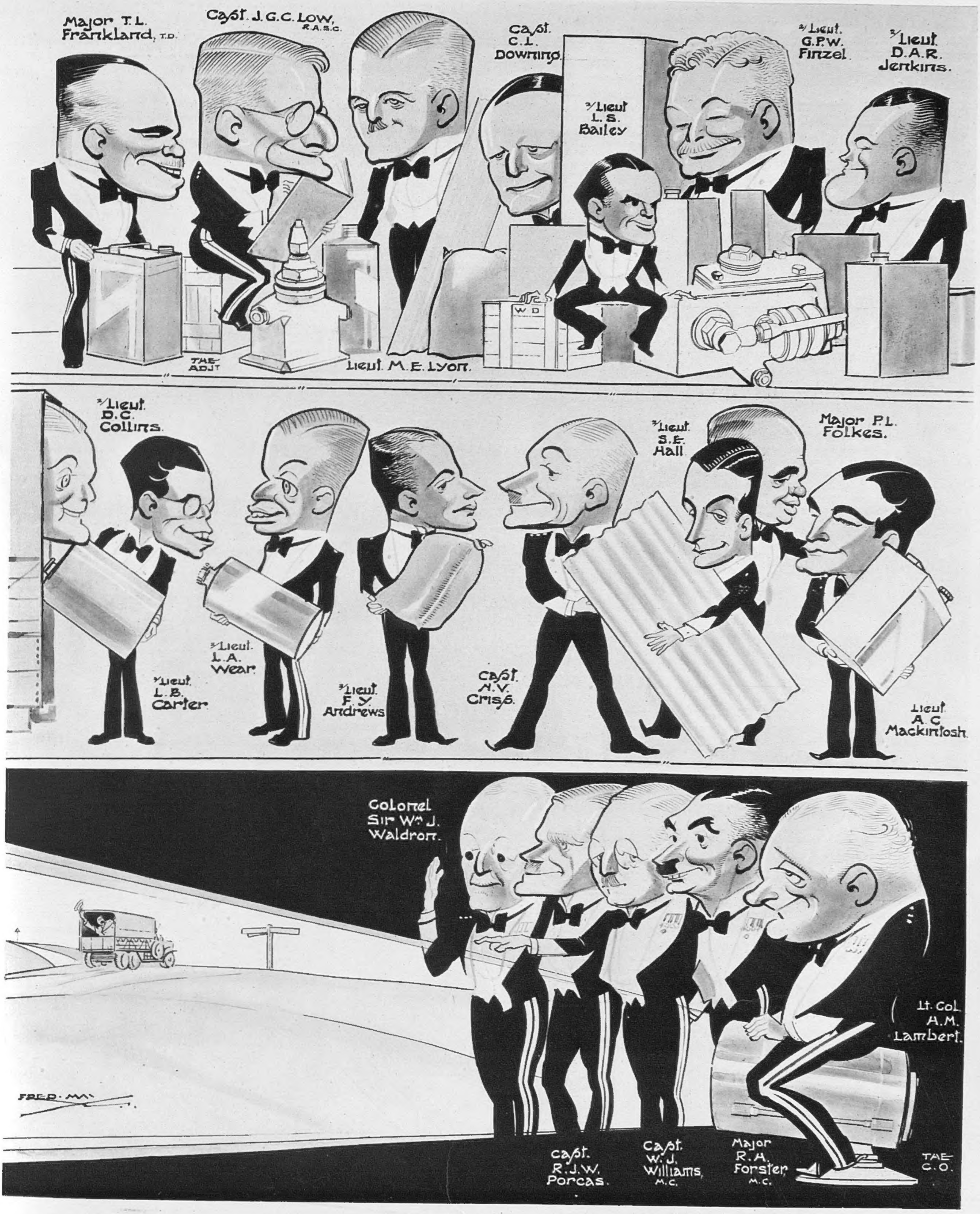


This striking photograph of a BIG GAME FISHERMAN IN ACTION *was taken in the British West Indies. Heavy tackle of the type illustrated is used to land giant blue marlin and blue-fin tuna in the Gulf Stream off Bimini.*

Adventure with a Bull. Fortunate is the angler who can say that he has never been surprised by that *bête noir* which suddenly makes its presence known by pawing lumps of turf out of the ground and bellowing. More than once I have been surprised by one of these fearsome beasts, but so far have been lucky in making a speedy but unassisted exit. A little time ago I read in a New Zealand paper of an angler who, while returning home with well-filled creel, saw a savage-looking bull charging towards him. A blind swamp offered the only hope of escape, so in he went, sinking almost to his thighs, but he managed to scramble on to a tussock. The bull stopped short when it reached the edge of the swamp, and there it stayed. A quarter of an hour passed, and the angler began to feel desperate. Then he had an inspiration. Untying the fly-cast from his line, he opened his minnow box, picked out the heaviest metal Devon and attached it to the line. At the second cast the line swung round the bull's flank, and a quick strike drove the hook in. The bull jumped and kicked, breaking the shank of the hook. Continuing his efforts, the angler at last succeeded in well and truly hooking the bull, the hook being embedded. The bull's bellicose attitude evaporated and it backed away twenty yards, shaking its head from side to side. Putting more strain on the line, the angler dragged the bull close up again. He then gave several vicious tugs, and the bull bellowed with pain. Finally, he gave an extra-hard pull and tore the hook out, expecting that the bull had had enough, which proved to be the case. The bull turned tail and streaked one way and the angler lost no time in streaking the other way.

R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.



ANTI - AIRCRAFT LILY - WHITES.

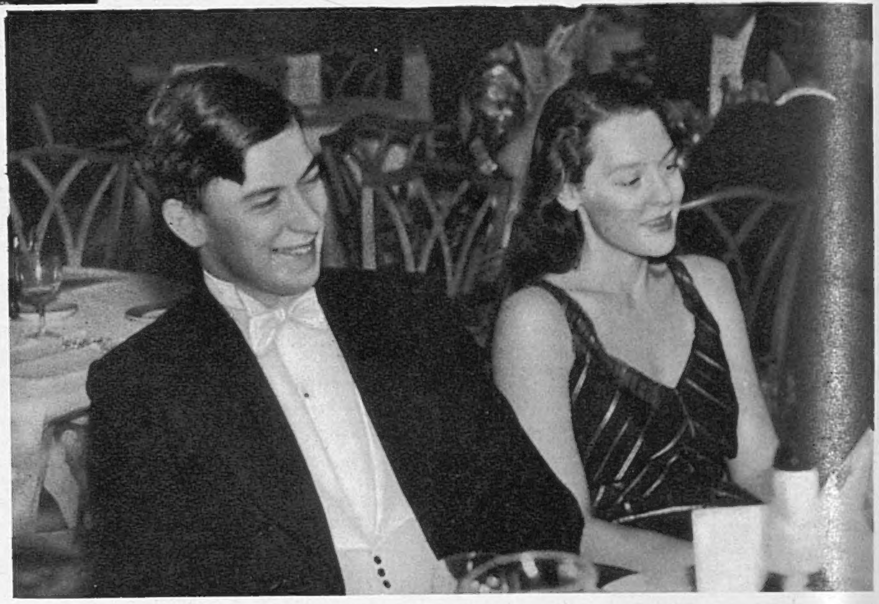
Now the 1ST ANTI-AIRCRAFT DIVISIONAL ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS, T.A., *this unit was originally formed in 1905. At the beginning of the Great War it was known as the Divisional Train, A.S.C. During the war it was in France with the 28th Division; at the second Battle of Ypres, and Loos; and it served later in Salonika. The R.A.S.C. are traditionally known as Lily-whites, owing to the white facings on their uniform. Their job is concerned with supplying the wants of the troops: hence the make-up of Fred May's drawing—1: Taking stock; 2: Handing on for loading up; 3: Away she goes!*

CRACKERS AND CAPS AT THE SOCIETY REJOICES IN

Left : LADY DIANA COOPER, *chairman of the Christmas-Tree Dinner Ball, held at the Dorchester in aid of St. Peter's Hospital, is shown drawing the prize tickets.*

Right : LADY VICTORIA SCOTT, *second daughter of the late Field-Marshal Earl Haig, was a guest at the dance.*

SIR MICHAEL DUFF-ASSHETON-SMITH, BT., LADY ELIZABETH PAGET, *and* MR. VON HOFMANNSTHAL *sat at the same table.*



The HON. VIOLA LYTTELTON *is shown next to* MR. MARTIN RUSSELL *at dinner.*

The HON. MRS. JAMES BECK, *sister of Lord Glenconner, looked charming in white satin. She is with* MR. GILBERT RUSSELL.

Left : MISS BRENDA MORSE-EVANS *used a toy pipe as a cigarette-holder. Note her bracelet, with its full quota of lucky charms.*

CHRISTMAS-TREE BALL: LONDON TRADITIONAL STYLE.

The DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH, *in a white satin dress with a fine diamond necklace, sat next to the* DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

The DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *who wore a pink and gold lamé dress, entered into the spirit of the evening and put on a cracker cap.*

The HON. ANTHONY HERBERT, *son of the Earl of Pembroke, is seen in conversation with* VISCOUNTESS LONG.

The HON. SEYMOUR BERRY *is here testing the contents of a cracker which he has pulled with* LADY URSULA MANNERS.

Left: VISCOUNT MOORE, *son of the Earl of Drogheda, sat next to* LADY GWENDELINE SPENCER-CHURCHILL.

Right: LORD HOWLAND *is here seen dancing with one of the young girls at the ball.*

CHRISTMAS WITH A FRENCH ACCENT.

By MME. PRUNIER.

I WAS talking the other day with one of my English friends, who said: "Well, Madame Prunier, and what about Christmas? But, of course, you'll be spending it in your own country." To this I replied: "No; for I have just taken a new home in London and I want to celebrate a real, old-fashioned English Christmas, with all your traditional good cheer; not forgetting your very special Christmas dinner—a fine turkey stuffed with chestnuts, sausage, and sage, followed by golden mince-pies, a rich, dark, and delicious Christmas pudding, brought flaming to the table, crystallised fruits, apples, oranges, and almonds, and all of these good things you know so much better than I do."

"*. . . my children searching their shoes under a pile of presents . . .*"

My friend seemed rather surprised, and then reminded me that I should certainly miss those lovely midnight Masses which are held in Paris at the churches of St. Roch, St. Eustache, La Madeleine, and Nôtre Dame, and followed by the *réveillon* feast and revels. My mind immediately flashed back to some of the glorious parties I had had with my friends, and of the food served, too; for elaborate dishes are always chosen—oysters, lobster Américaine, and *Boudin blanc* or *Boudin noir*, which is a traditional *réveillon* dish—a kind of sausage delicacy, the *blanc* stuffed with a minced chicken paste and truffles, whilst the *noir* is rich with savoury dark meats, bacon and pig's blood, and delicious goose-liver.

The Sad Story of the Greedy Curé.

Whenever I think of a *réveillon* I always remember also "Les Trois Messes Basses," a delightful tale in Alphonse Daudet's "Lettres de Mon Moulin." It is Christmas Eve, and a worthy priest, before setting out for the Midnight Mass, has heard of the most mouth-watering marvels to be served at the feast which follows. They are too wonderful! Turkeys bursting their sides with luscious black truffles, golden carp drenched in wine, firm, glinting trout. Try as he may, the picture will not fade from his mind. And must he also be tormented by the very smell of these good things, clinging to the clothes of the pot-boys down at the far end of the church, who have sneaked from their kitchen for a few moments to attend the holy rite? Alas! the server's bell, into which the very devil himself must have entered, chimes not the call to prayer, but such a string of tempting names! He jumbles his words—another tinkle of the bell, he hastens more—his choir-boys cannot keep pace—another tinkle, and the sad story is that he skips a verse, and then verses. Nobody can keep up with him; but what do they care? It means that one and all they will be able to go earlier to the feast, with which the village is a-hum since morning. But it is a sorry tale, for our priest ate too much and drank too much, and died the same night. And because he succumbed to this temptation (and who wouldn't?), his soul could not enter into Paradise, but, in order to atone, was doomed to recite Midnight Masses for three hundred Christmases.

Neptune disguised as Father Christmas!

Shoes Full of Gifts.

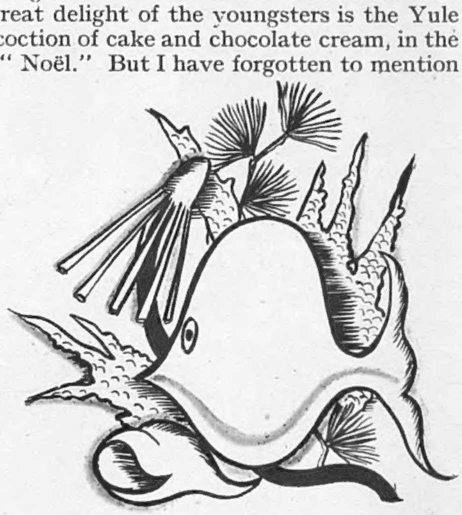
And then I wondered what I should be doing if, after all, I were to spend Christmas in Paris. Apart from other things, there would be the joy of seeing my children searching their shoes under a pile of presents on the mantelpiece, for in France they don't hang up a stocking! Then, of course, would come the preparation of the Christmas dinner for the family.

"*. . . tormented by the very smell of these good things . . .*"

In France a Christmas dinner is not a Christmas dinner without oysters—Marennes or Belons; or, if economy must be considered, there are the Portugaises. Then comes a fish course, at which Vistula fresh salmon-tails, or salmon-trout from Danzig, are very popular; these are not quite so good as fresh Scotch or French salmon, for which, unfortunately, the fishing season is closed at this time of the year, but "Au Champagne," braised with a dry champagne bound with eggs and cream, they are simply delicious; some people, of course, might prefer a Hollandaise or Mousseline sauce. Then again, some people might find these salmon-tails rather dear, and so they could be replaced by grey mullet or bass. Yes, I said bass, with a Hollandaise or Mousseline sauce. Bass is most delicious, too, "A l'Angevine," with a *purée* of sorrel-leaves. But these fish might be difficult to obtain, and so, instead, we could choose turbot or brill served Dugléré or Bonne Femme.

Turkey Stuffed with Truffles.

In France, we delight just as much in your English customs as in England you like things French, and so, following the fish, there will be turkey, but stuffed with truffles and chestnuts, rather lighter than the English way, because the meal has had such a substantial opening, and with it just a salad. We like our Christmas pudding, too, but singe it with rum more often than with brandy; but the great delight of the youngsters is the Yule log, a delicious concoction of cake and chocolate cream, in the shape of a log, iced "Noël." But I have forgotten to mention the wines, and these must be plentiful at Christmas! With the oysters and fish there will be Chablis or Sancerre, and with the meat a fine old red Bordeaux, such as Margaux 1906 or Cru de Chevalier, or a good red Bourgogne Chambertin 1923, Nuits Boudot 1919, etc. For the grand finish, Clicquot 1928 Krug, Bollinger, or even Prunier 1928 with the dessert. Good coffee; liqueurs.



Don't forget the fish (? Santa Lobster Claws!)

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

LADY HOTHAM —
FORMERLY LADY WINIFRED CECIL.

The marriage of LADY WINIFRED CECIL, *elder daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter, to Lord Hotham, took place at St. Martin's Church, Stamford, on Thursday, December 16. Her wedding gifts included a coffee-set and table from Queen Mary, a diamond clip from the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, and a lamp from the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood. Lady Winifred has been Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of Gloucester since 1935.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS! I hope that your presents are bought, your parcels tied up, and your cards addressed, and I wish that each and all may enjoy her ideal Yuletide. Some like to shuffle off the domestic coil, and escape from "the family" by a trip to the South, or dinner and lunch at restaurants; but those who have the vigour and energy to "go the whole hog," forget jittery markets, New Year bills, *and* diet, "get through the holidays" best. Have a heart, girls, and be unsophisticated for a few days. It 'll be a change, anyway.

. . .

Christmas movements were, of course, headed by the departure of the Royal Family to Sandringham, which means that there will be much entertaining and activity in Norfolk. Lady Townshend, for instance, has a large party at Raynham, where there is sure to be a delightful gathering of friends of young Lord Townshend and his sister, who, by the way, has the loveliest natural soprano voice of pure and liquid sweetness.

To return to the royal circle. The Princesses are looking forward to Christmas with the greatest excitement, and have this year made many special little presents for their relatives. Princess Beatrice will not be at Sandringham, but has decided to stay at Kensington Palace, where Queen Victoria Eugénie will join her on Christmas Day, before going abroad for a couple of months.

A notable family party will gather at Knowsley, where Lord Derby's guests are to include Lord and Lady Stanley, who later are going to America; Blenheim will see an impressive assembly of Churchills, and it is good news that the Duchess of Marlborough, who has not been very well of late, has now fully recovered, and will be able to enjoy entertaining this big house-party. Then Belvoir will have its full quota of visitors, with all the Manners clan, a party which will include Mr. and Lady Isabel Guinness and Violet Duchess of Rutland.

The Duke of Devonshire, however, must always take pride of place when it comes to considering family parties, for all his sons and daughters are married, and his grandchildren are to be numbered in dozens! Chatsworth is ideal for a Christmas gathering, as, of course, the vast house is extremely comfortable, and yet is situated in a part of England where snow in December may well be expected, even in a milder winter than this.

. . . . .

London was gay the weeks before Christmas. The other Monday was the date of the Lygon dinner-dance at Halkin House, an affair which revived all the old-time splendour of this spacious and beautiful town mansion. It was, as you know, in honour of Mr. Richard Lygon's birthday. (Actually he was a Christmas Day baby, but the festivities were advanced.) The ballroom on the first floor was illuminated, as it has always been, by many magnificent crystal chandeliers holding green wax candles, which gave the softest of light. Lord Beauchamp received, assisted by his daughters, the Ladies Dorothy and Mary Lygon. The latter is the beauty of the family, and looked exquisite in white, which suits her blonde type so well.

The dinner-tables, at which some fifty guests sat down, were adorned with spring flowers, yellow narcissi and mimosa, with a few white blossoms intermingled, and the scent was wonderful. But if the flowers roused admiration, so did the women! All our best-lookers seemed to be assembled. There was Lady Elmley, wife of Lord Beauchamp's heir, in a *robe de style* of white-and-gold brocade; Lady Feversham and Lady Gage, the one in dark blue, and the other in wine-red; and any amount of young-marrieds in light colours, glittering with jewels.

. . .

Lady Dufferin always dresses in striking models, and at Halkin House was looking well in bright-blue velvet with a sequin cap to match, adorned with a dangling, sequin-edged veil; and Lady Plunket, dancing gaily all the time, was in white satin. Lady Sibell Lygon had an "overflow" dinner-party at the Ritz. Her guests included Lady Warrender, who has never been seen in better looks. She had her *parure* of rubies and diamonds and a dress to match. Lady Cunard was sheathed in pale-green sequins, and I noticed Lady Stanley, just back from a short visit to Lord Derby's Riviera villa, "Sansovino"; and the Weymouths and the Rosses.

. . . . .

The heavy going in the country, where frost-bound roads and snow made getting about very difficult, nearly upset the arrangements that Mr. James and Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay had made for the christening of their small daughter at Donhead St. Andrew, near Shaftesbury. The child is actually four months old, but they delayed the christening, as they wanted to have it from their new house at Tisbury. They are now settled in this charming place, built of grey Wiltshire stone, with a thatched roof and timbered rooms, which is called Dennis Farm House.

After the christening, many friends went back for champagne cocktails and/or tea, according to taste. The baby's brother and sister, Malcolm and Jane, were there, both in kilts; and the new member of the family, Elspeth Anne, behaved impeccably at the church and at home. Lord Morven Cavendish-Bentinck was a godfather, and Miss Audrey Sale-Barker one of the godmothers. The Duchess of Hamilton came over from Ferne for the christening, and the

This is a new portrait of MISS ENNIS TWYFORD, *daughter of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress of London. Miss Twyford helps her mother as hostess, and works energetically for charity. She is a member of the Blue Cross Committee, and of Our Dumb Friends' League.*

The marriage of MISS JILL EHLERT *to the Hon. Peter Lyon-Dalberg-Acton, brother of Lord Acton, was arranged for Thursday, December 16, at St. John's, Bridgnorth, Shropshire. Miss Ehlert is the daughter of the late Mr. Hugo C. Ehlert.*

MISS MARY ALLEN, *elder daughter of Vice-Admiral J. D. Allen, C.B., and Mrs. Allen, is engaged to marry Mr. Joseph Lester Watson Cheyne, eldest son of Col. Sir Joseph Cheyne, Bt., M.C., and Lady Cheyne.*

On the King's forty-second birthday, Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose gave their first party at Buckingham Palace. They asked a great many of their friends, among them LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, *who is seen stepping into her mother's car before they left for the Palace.*

Another visitor at Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose's party was the MASTER OF CARNEGIE. *He is the only son of Captain Lord Carnegie and Lady Maud Carnegie. He is seen playing with his Pekingese, Pansy, before leaving for the Palace to attend the party.*

John Morrisons from Fonthill (famous for its collection of superb pictures) were near neighbours present.

. . . . . .

Mr. Eddie Tatham, Major Gerald Thompson, and Mr. Ralph Cobbold share honours for having given the party of the week. All London's most decorative young women were among the guests bidden to Claridge's to drink "Mint Juleps, Old-Fashioneds and Champagne." The Mint Juleps looked and tasted delectable, the Old Fashioneds were hot and strong, with cloves, spice, and cinnamon flavours, a splendid drink for a cold night, and there was champagne for those who felt unequal to trying the more unusual *apéritifs*! A few guests came in evening dress on their way out to later engagements, but most were in day attire, though many women were hatless. Lady Nunburnholme was one of these. She looked quite lovely in a mink coat with the new square shoulder effect. Ladies Warwick, Stavordale, and Weymouth were other lovelies, and I thought that Lady Birkenhead, who wore a jaunty high hat with a gold ornament, was one of the smartest. Lady Milton had a hat with an all-the-way-round fur brim, and the Duchess of Sutherland was *en grande beauté*.

. . .

The Christmas atmosphere was captured thoroughly at the Christmas-Tree Ball, for there were trees on every table, and seasonable decorations. It was a good dance, and made even better by the fact that the dancing was not interrupted by a cabaret performance. There were a few turns given in the Beer Garden, which was a feature of the entertainment, so those who wanted to watch could do so, and let the enthusiastic dancers carry on.

This snapshot of members of THE POLISH BALLET *was taken at an informal reception given by H.E. the Polish Ambassador and Countess Edward Raczynska (on extreme right) at the Embassy last week, before the beginning of their season at Covent Garden.*

Lady Diana Cooper, who worked so hard to make the Ball a success, must have been delighted with the way it went. She looked enchanting in one of those pastel-printed chiffons which suit her so well—in pale shades of mauves and pinks to go with the orchids she wore. Her party included her decorative nieces, the Ladies Caroline and Elizabeth Paget, in picture frocks—the one of a Chartreuse greeny-yellow, and the other in billowing white tulle—and Lady Ursula Manners, who came in her white satin Coronation frock. The Duchess of Buccleuch wore a dress of her favourite white—in heavy satin, and some fine diamonds. The scarf fashion has returned these chilly nights, and her scarf of white net was a novel and very *chic* idea. The Duchess of Rutland had a pink tulle one to go with her pink-and-gold dress.

Dancing men included Lord Howland and Mr. Wolkoff, who was partnering Lady Cunard when I saw him. The last-named, by the way, is a most beautiful dancer, who moves with a grace that some of the youngsters might well envy. Lady Juliet Duff looked as striking as ever in black tulle and diamonds, and Mrs. Edwin Montagu, in a striped prune-coloured and gold dress, was outstandingly smart.

. . . . . .

One seldom sees the Intelligentsia all dressed-up *en grande tenue*, but guests invited by Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth "to meet Mr. Alexander Calder and his circus" had this unusual experience. Mr. Calder, you remember, is the artist who designed the Mercury Fountain in the Spanish Pavilion at the Paris Exhibition, and has a show of his "mobiles and stabiles" at the Mayor Gallery. His circus is a work on the same lines as the mobiles. Abstract representations of puppets perform their tricks in a rather absent-minded manner, to the sound of circus music on a gramophone. Mr. Calder himself worked the circus, with the aid of various members of the audience, and did the patter of a French clown, gave the orders of the ring-master, and managed affairs generally. The models were set in motion by various mechanical devices, but do not be under any misapprehension that they are playthings—they are *mobiles*, the very latest form of art and of considerable significance!

Mr. Calder is also responsible for some amusing jewellery, which, you will remember, I described the other day. Many of the guests wore specimens of it—no doubt in compliment to the artist. The Kenneth Clarkes were present; and also Mrs. St. John Hutchinson, Mr. Clive Bell, Miss Iris Tree, Lady Bonham Carter, Mr. David Tennant, and other well-knowns.

London is becoming the centre for the balletomane! The arrival of the Polish Ballet brought us all to Covent Garden on Thursday night. Countess Raczynska expected to have a busy evening "running from box to box," for the dinner-party which she and his Excellency the Polish Ambassador brought on from the Embassy filled several boxes. T.R.H. Princess Marie Louise and Helena Victoria hoped to attend, and the invited guests also included Lord and Lady Spencer, Lord and Lady Cranborne, the Granvilles, and the Max Mullers.

This is a recent portrait of BARONESS CEDERSTRÖM, *wife of Baron Rolf Cederström, of Haverland Hall, Norwich. They were married in 1923, and have one daughter. Baroness Cederström is the third daughter of the late Lord de Ramsey.*

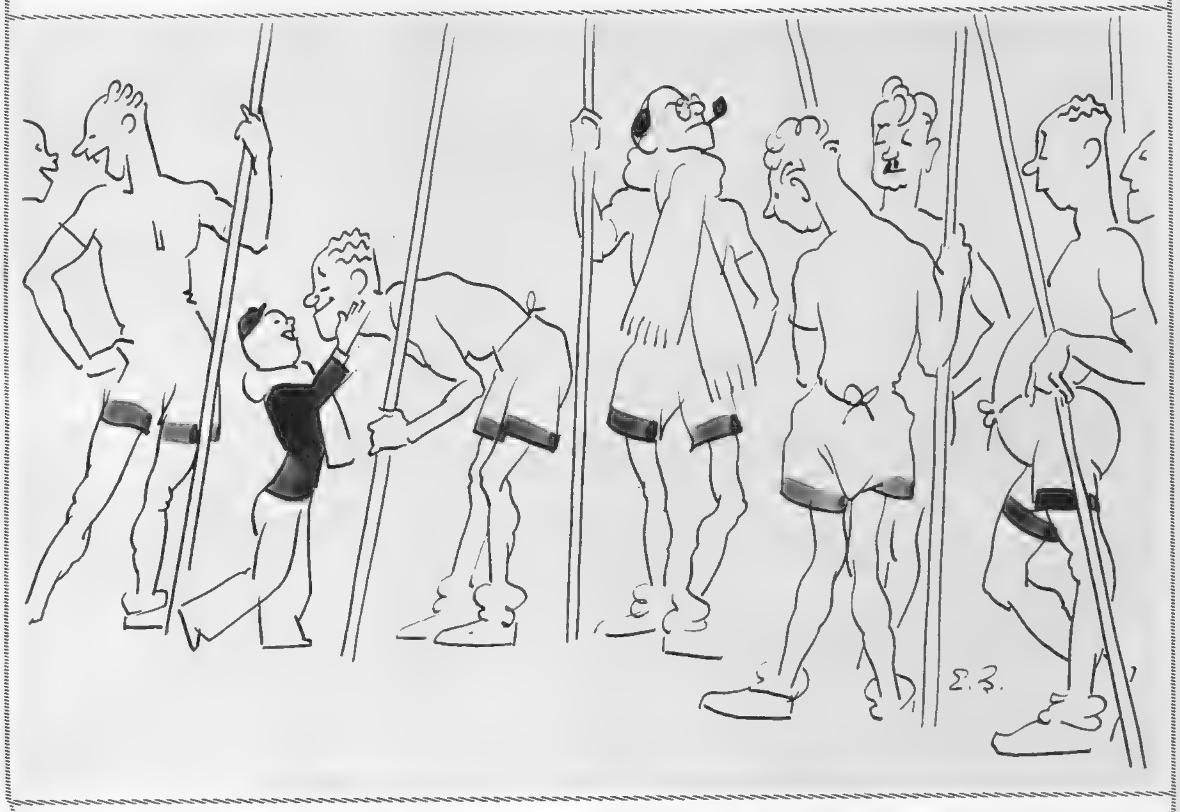
Countess Raczynska's informal reception at the Polish Embassy to meet the members of the ballet took place a day or two before the première. It was crowded, "polylingual," and successful. Countess Raczynska, who is small, fair, and charming, wore black, and was a vivacious hostess. Her guests included Lady Rumbold, who brought her daughter Constantia, Mr. Osbert Sitwell, Lady Alice Mahon, Lady Derwent, and Mr. Arnold Haskell.

MARIEGOLD.

The DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON *was well suited by the attractive Austrian dress she wore at the Austrian Legation Ball.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FAYER OF VIENNA, GROSVENOR STREET, W.

SCHOOLBOY HOWLERS.



"IN THE BOAT RACE THERE ARE EIGHT MEN AND ONE TO COAX THEM."

"A SWAN SONG IS A POET'S LAST GULP."

"EVERY YEAR THE POPE SENDS MISSIONARIES TO INVERT THE CHINESE."

"SANG FROID: COLD MUTTON."

HOWLERS PICKED BY CECIL HUNT AND ILLUSTRATED BY EDMUND BLAMPIED.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

THESE SKATING AMATEURS—For the Fine Figures They Cut at the Empire Pool.

A group of competitors and judges on the ice before the start of the Championships, with MISS SHERIDAN *(left) and (fourth girl from left)* MISS MEGAN TAYLOR, *and then (l. to r.)* MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE *(British Amateur Champion),* MISS BRENDA STROUD, MISS PAMELA STEPHANY, *and little* MISS DAPHNE WALKER.

MR. GRAHAM SHARP *retained his title of* AMATEUR CHAMPION OF BRITAIN, *with a lead of 68·1 points over Mr. F. Tomlins, the runner-up.*

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR *was second to Miss Cecilia Colledge in the Women's Amateur Championship.*

THE result of the finals of the BRITISH AMATEUR SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, held at the Empire Pool, Wembley, was that MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, the seventeen - year - old daughter of a well-known surgeon, retained her title of British Amateur Woman Champion; and that MR. H. GRAHAM SHARP was also successful in the defence of his title of BRITISH AMATEUR CHAMPION. MISS MEGAN TAYLOR was second to Miss Colledge; and the achievement of little thirteen-year-old MISS DAPHNE WALKER in securing

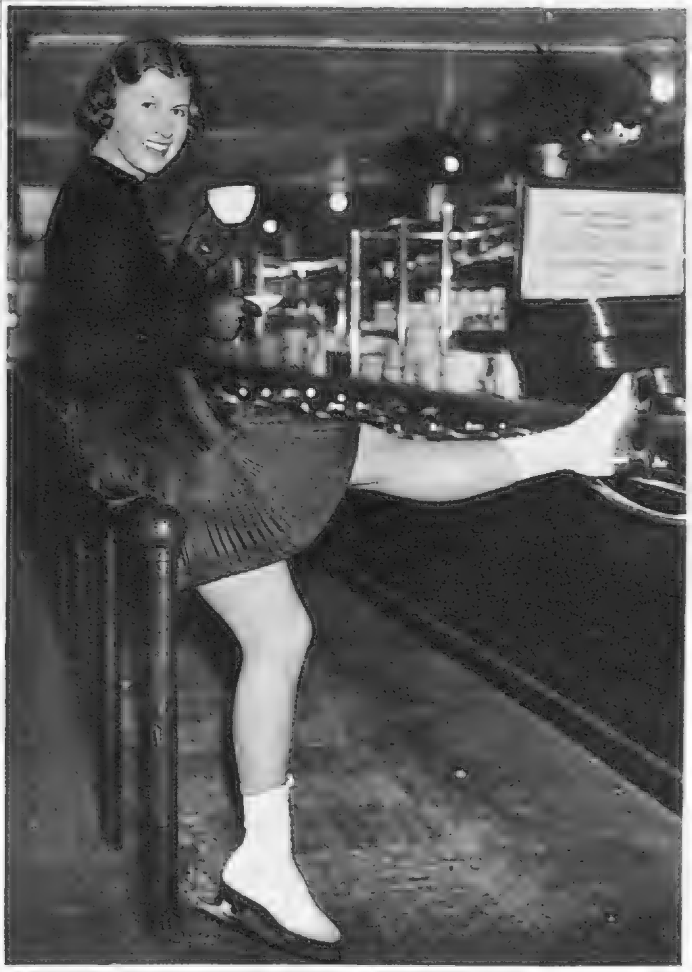
[Continued above on right.

MISS MEGAN TAYLOR, MISS BRENDA STROUD, MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE, *and* MISS PAMELA STEPHANY *are seen (l. to r.) waiting their turn by the rink side.*

Continued.]

third place roused much admiration. Miss Pamela Stephany was fourth; Miss Patsy Sheridan, fifth; Miss Jean Smith, sixth; Miss Brenda Stroud, seventh; and Miss Gladys Jagger, eighth. Miss Daphne Walker, who has been described as looking like a cherub on skates, gave a notable exhibition of free skating after her performance earlier in the day of the intricate set figures which she gave with polished technical execution.

Miss Megan Taylor wore the nattiest Lapland boots of deerskin in order to keep her feet warm between skating efforts.



MISS CECILIA COLLEDGE *retained her title of "Ice Queen" of Britain. No wonder she is smiling over her nice cup of tea!*

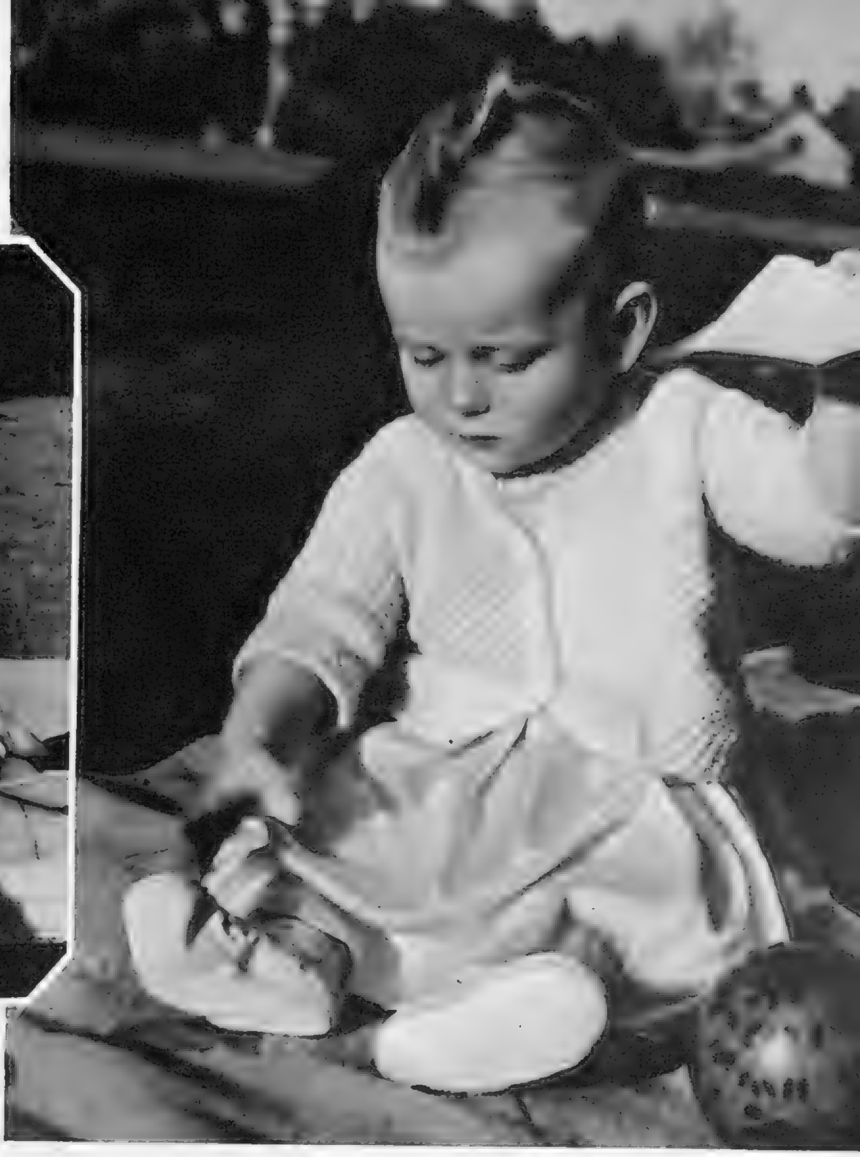
OUR YOUNGEST PRINCESS — ONE

PLAYTIME STUDIES OF H.R.H.

On Christmas Day—that is, Saturday next—our youngest Princess, H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA HELEN ELIZABETH OLGA CHRISTABEL OF KENT, *will celebrate her birthday and enter on the second year of her life. She was born, as everyone knows, on December 25, 1936, and is a most beautiful baby to whom we all wish many happy returns of the day and a long and brilliant life. Some of our photographs show her little Royal Highness with her brother,* H.R.H. PRINCE EDWARD GEORGE NICHOLAS PAUL PATRICK OF KENT, *who was born on October 9, 1935. Prince Edward and Princess Alexandra attended the children's party given by T.M. the King and*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY

YEAR OLD ON CHRISTMAS DAY: PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT.



Queen at Buckingham Palace last week, on his Majesty's forty-second birthday. The occasion was Princess Alexandra's first party. It was held in the big ball-room, where a happy throng of important youngsters saw the Princesses' own "Command Performance" given by the Scottish Children's Theatre Company. Photographs of some of the guests on their way to the Palace appear on another page. The friends welcomed by T.R.H. Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose included Lord Plunket's son, Shaun; Lord Allendale's son, Matthew; and the Ladies Joanna and Elizabeth Lambart, daughters of the Earl of Cavan.

BARON.

TALES WITH A STING.

HAIL THE HERO!

By MARK HELLINGER.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

IT was probably the biggest thing that ever happened to Greenville. The customary births, marriages, and deaths were matters of course. But a new face—and a handsome one at that!—turned the town upside down with wild speculation.

The man bought the widow Murtree's house. It was an old house. It had eaves. And a porch. And vines. And a lawn. There was a large poplar-tree at the side. The widow had always sat beneath that tree on summer afternoons. Sewing.

He came into town mysteriously. He bought the house, and moved in within a week. His name was Edgar Adel, and he was quite tall. He had a handsome face and a tinge of grey, like a movie actor. He also had a pronounced limp.

And that was all they knew about him. Even Jud Lanson, who was hired to keep the house and grounds clean, knew no more. The widow Murtree couldn't help solve the problem, either. All she knew was that the handsome stranger had paid cash for the place. Nothing more. She didn't even know where he came from.

These were exciting days in Greenville! Bolman, the grocer, had his own theories. He spread his bony hands on the counter and winked.

"Greenville," he whispered, "is a good place for a hide-out."

Mrs. Quaw pressed an index finger against the side of her head. "I never, never forget a face," she mused. "I've seen that man's face before. In a newspaper somewhere. It just won't come to me now. But I seem to remember a kidnapping——"

Oscar Gordon, the postmaster, shrugged. "His name ain't Adel. That's a cinch. If it was, he'd git mail, wunt he?" Oscar spat tobacco juice, missing the spitoon by three inches. "It might be Edel," he continued mysteriously. "There was some society man by that name that kilt his wife some years ago. Yep. Might be Edel. But not Adel."

Josie Wilkens, the perennial maiden of the town, compressed her lips and drew her shawl tighter around her shoulders.

"Wal, all's I got to say is that it's up to Councilman Billingsly to proteck the fair name of Greenville. We got a stranger in our midst. Nobody don't know nuthin' about him. And if he ain't respectable, Billingsly has got to proteck us girls. . . ."

When Edgar Adel walked down the street, everybody stared. He seldom went outdoors, except to go for groceries. He walked slowly, limping all the while. His chin was up, his chest out. But his eyes held a distant look, as though he wasn't aware of what went on around him.

They watched him from across the street, from doorways, from behind curtains. But they hadn't the remotest idea whether he was rich man, poor man, beggar man, or Winchell.

Then Jud Lanson galloped to the post office one day, fairly bursting with news. He was so out of breath that he couldn't talk. Oscar Gordon pulled out a bottle that was labelled "cough medicine," and made Jud take a swig. By this time, half the town had edged into the post office to hear the news.

"By gee!" gasped Jud. "He's a dad-blamed hero! A war hero!"

Eyes popped as Jud told his story. He had been dusting the furniture in the living-room when it all happened. As the hired man, that was part of Jud's job.

He had turned around to find Edgar Adel standing near the doorway and polishing a whole array of glittering medals. When Adel saw him looking, he clamped the lid on the plush box that contained the medals, and quietly went to his own room.

Oscar Gordon, the postmaster, pounded his fist on the desk.

"We're a nice bunch of fatheads," he admitted candidly. "Here we been suspectin' this man—this hero who was too modest to talk about what he done for his country. I don't mind sayin' I'm ashamed of myself."

"Yep," agreed Mrs. Quaw, "it all comes back to me now. I saw Mr. Adel's picture in the paper with the President of the United States. He was a-givin' him a medal. It's all as clear as a lily pond now."

"We shoulda known," simpered Josie Wilkens. "He was so handsome. And he had that noble, far-away look in his eyes. We shoulda known he was a knight in shinin' armour."

"'Pears to me," observed Councilman Billingsly, "that 'twould be in order if we made Mr. Adel a honorary first citizen of Greenville. Lord knows 'taint often we get visited by notables. And when a World War hero who's loaded down with medals comes here, it's only decent to make some sort of fuss 'bout it."

It was done. . . .

But Mr. Edgar Adel only smiled when the World War was mentioned. He refused point blank to attend any ceremonies. They sent him a scroll, naming him honorary first citizen of Greenville—but he never even hung it on the wall.

It was his modesty, everyone said, and the town spoke with reverence of Edgar Adel. There were those who tried to cultivate his friendship, but they all met with a stone wall of reticence. Mr. Adel kept his own counsel.

He lived in Greenville for six years. During that time, his proud manner and his limp became legend. No travelling salesman ever got within the confines of Greenville without hearing of the great Edgar Adel. And, as time went on, he left his home less and less frequently.

One day, he asked Bolman, the grocer, for credit. Said his funds were running low. Bolman was the happiest man in the world. Not only would he extend credit to the hero—but did Mr. Adel need a little cash?

The hero said no at first, but he finally borrowed $250 from Bolman "for a short while." That was a lot of money to the grocer, but he passed it over with pleasure. And for a long while after, he boasted to the town that Adel thought enough of him to borrow money. . . .

Then, one fine summer morning, Edgar Adel left Greenville as mysteriously as he had arrived. I mean to say, he died. Died in bed. When Jud Lanson walked into his room to awaken him, there was Mr. Adel—dead.

Councilman Billingsly had the town bell tolled for half an hour in slow measure. An impressive funeral was voted for the quiet hero. Greenville closed up tight on Wednesday, and everybody attended the services. A flag was draped across the casket, and the man was buried with the greatest respect.

Never in the history of Greenville, had so many real tears been shed. Oscar Gordon fired five shots in the air as the body was being lowered. It was a touching testimonial; a hero's reward. . . .

Just three days later, Jud Lanson came running out of the house with the all-important medals that couldn't be located for the funeral. And, when he displayed them in Bolman's grocery store, you can believe me when I say that many more tears were shed.

For the medals were inscribed to "Edgar Adel, best Pastry Cook in Paddington County for the years 1915-1916-1917-1918 and 1919!" . . . .

[THE END.]

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

SAY IT WITH CORNFLOWERS!

King of the circus and coaching enthusiast, BERTRAM W. MILLS, J.P., always wears a cornflower in his buttonhole. When he fares abroad he takes with him enough to last the whole of his stay — one a day!

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.

MR. SPUD-POTATO'S NAUGHTY STORY IS A BIT TOO THICK!

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.

GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH"; FROM STARS OF SEVERAL NATIONS.

1. JOAN CRAWFORD.
2. BARBARA STANWYCK.
3. KATHARINE HEPBURN.
4. LORETTA YOUNG.
5. SONJA HENIE.
6. SIMONE SIMON.
7. BETTE DAVIS.

Stars of several nations are among those who send us their Christmas and New Year good wishes on this page. They include Sonja Henie, the Norwegian skating queen, whose last picture was "Thin Ice"; Simone Simon, the French Twentieth Century-Fox star of "Seventh Heaven"; as well as U.S.A. celebrities. Among Bette Davis's notable films was "Marked Woman"; Loretta Young's included "Second Honeymoon" and "Love is News." Joan Crawford has been seen in "The Bride Wore Red"; and Barbara Stanwyck in "His Affaire."

FRED MACMURRAY.

PAUL MUNI.

CLARK GABLE.

WILLIAM POWELL.

On this double-page we give photographs of eight famous screen-actors whose names and picture personalities are known all over the world. Following what has now become a regular Christmas custom, each star has sent a special, personal greeting to "The Sketch" and all its readers, and has written the words in his own hand on his photograph. These picture people are so well known that they require no introduction to our readers. They include Ronald

GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH" AND ALL ITS READERS FROM FILM-STARS:

TYRONE POWER.

RONALD COLMAN.

GARY COOPER.

FRED ASTAIRE.

Colman, whose big hits this year have been " Lost Horizon " and " The Prisoner of Zenda " ; Paul Muni, whose performance in " The Life of Emile Zola " has roused tremendous admiration ; Gary Cooper, soon to be seen in " The Adventures of Marco Polo " ; William Powell, whose recent pictures include " The Emperor's Candlesticks " ; Clark Gable, who was the beardless Parnell of the screen ; and Fred Astaire, who will soon be seen in " A Damsel in Distress."

EIGHT FAMOUS ACTORS SEND WARMEST GOOD WISHES IN THEIR OWN HAND.

GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH" AND EIGHT BRILLIANT AND GLAMOROUS

DEANNA DURBIN.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT.

GINGER ROGERS.

CAROLE LOMBARD.

The glamour and fun and gaiety of Christmastide has an additional brilliance for "The Sketch" readers again this year, for, following what is now our annual custom, we are able to pass on the good wishes and compliments of the season from many notable film people. On these pages we reproduce those of eight accomplished and beautiful girls. Deanna Durbin, we need hardly remind our readers, is the fifteen-year-old singing star of Universal's "100 Men and a Girl";

ITS READERS FROM SCREEN STARS: GIRLS WISH YOU GOOD LUCK.

MYRNA LOY.

MARLENE DIETRICH.

KAY FRANCIS.

LUISE RAINER.

Marlene Dietrich's 1937 pictures have included Paramount's "Angel"; and "Knight Without Armour"; Ginger Rogers will soon be seen in Radio's "Stage Door"; Carole Lombard's latest is "True Confession"; Myrna Loy's fans have enjoyed seeing her in "Double Wedding" and "After the Thin Man"; and Luise Rainer, the Viennese M.-G.-M. star, was the immigrant girl in "Big City" and the heroine of "The Emperor's Candlesticks."

GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH": THE STARS WISH US LUCK.

1. VIRGINIA BRUCE. 2. JEAN ARTHUR. 3. GRACE MOORE. 4. OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND. 5. ALICE FAYE. 6. ROSALIND RUSSELL. 7. UNA MERKEL. 8. GLENDA FARRELL. 9. JEANETTE MACDONALD. 10. MIRIAM HOPKINS.

This bouquet of stars and featured players who have joined in the delightful custom of wishing "The Sketch" and all its readers the best of everything for Christmas and the New Year, includes some of the loveliest of the young favourites, and also two celebrated prima donnas of the screen, Grace Moore and Jeanette MacDonald.

GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH": FROM HEROES AND VILLAINS.

1. CLAUDE RAINS.
2. NELSON EDDY. 3. ROBERT YOUNG.
4. MELVYN DOUGLAS. 5. REGINALD OWEN. 6. JOHN BOLES.
7. HERBERT MARSHALL. 8. WARREN WILLIAM. 9. PETER LORRE.

This bunch of boys who send their good wishes to "The Sketch" and all of you readers are all big and certain "box-office draws." They include Peter Lorre, famous for his wonderful villainous rôles, Claude Rains, the character actor, and Nelson Eddy, the M.-G.-M. baritone of "Maytime," as well as Robert Young, popular jeune premier, and Reginald Owen, whom you usually see with a grotesque make-up or a moustache. Herbert Marshall is, of course, as well known on the stage as he is on the screen, and John Boles is also a stage player and vocalist as well as a screen actor.

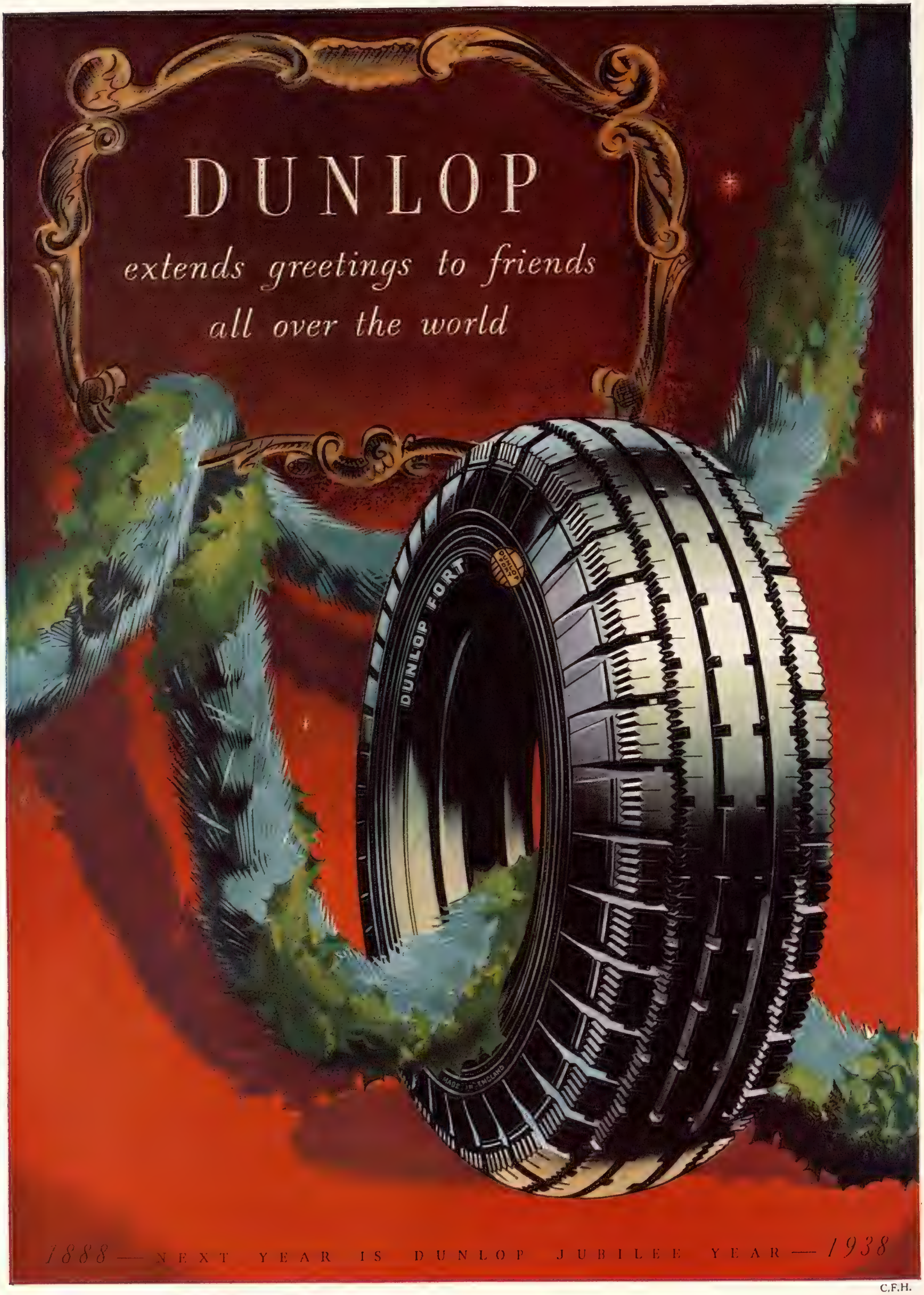
GREETINGS TO "THE SKETCH": ALL THE BEST TO US FROM THE STARS!

1. SPENCER TRACY. 2. FREDDIE BARTHOLOMEW. 3. EDWARD G. ROBINSON, *with his son,* HENRY. 4. W. C. FIELDS. 5. JAMES STEWART. 6. CHARLIE RUGGLES *and his Blue Bedlington.* 7. WARNER BAXTER. 8. ROBERT MONTGOMERY. 9. FRANCHOT TONE.

We here continue our series of special, personal Greetings for Christmas and the New Year dispatched to "The Sketch" and its readers by screen stars, and written out in their own hands. James Stewart, it will be remembered, is a new front-ranker, one of Joan Crawford's four leading men in M.-G.-M.'s "The Gorgeous Hussy." W. C. Fields, the comedian, returns to the screen in Paramount's "The Big Broadcast of 1938." Spencer Tracy has been in "Captains Courageous" with Freddie Bartholomew; and in "They Gave Him a Gun" with Franchot Tone.

THE MORNING AFTER.

DRAWN BY EDMUND BLAMPIED


DUNLOP
extends greetings to friends all over the world
DUNLOP FORT
1888 — NEXT YEAR IS DUNLOP JUBILEE YEAR — 1938

C.F.H.

HER MAJESTY AT A SCOTTISH BAZAAR.

H.M. THE QUEEN, *wearing an amethyst-coloured velours coat trimmed with fox, attended the Bazaar and concert and is seen receiving a bouquet from 2½-year-old* GAYNOR MORGAN, *granddaughter of the Secretary of the Waifs and Strays Society.*

The DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON *(hatless; right) is seen at a stall with* MISS RUTH PEPPERCORN.

Left: LADY FORRES *(centre) was a saleswoman at the Scottish Bazaar at the Dorchester in aid of the Waifs and Strays. She is with* MRS. ROBERT ABERCROMBIE *(r.).*

Right: LADY DOVERDALE *(right) and* MISS GLEN ALYN *are seen choosing a Christmas cake from Lady Doverdale's stall at the Bazaar.*

HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND *played Houp-là while holding the bouquet presented to her on opening the Bazaar, a difficult feat which she apparently performed with ease.*

MISS VIVIAN HOWARD *is fixing no ordinary butterflies to the hat and coat worn by* MISS FREDA CRAIG. *They are made of the same velvet as that used for their Majesties' Coronation robes!*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

FEW writers have been more personal to their readers than was Sir James Barrie, yet few have been at such pains to conceal their personalities, even from themselves. That he should leave any regular form of diary or autobiography was unlikely; about himself and his friends he maintained an almost invincible reserve. Not that he did not sometimes talk about them; but it was generally to recall a saying or an anecdote that illustrated them in relation to their work, to the world, to the universe. Anything like gossip was distasteful to him; he was the discreetest of men and probably never betrayed a confidence in his life.

At the same time he was unceasingly interested in human beings, and particularly when he could see them puzzled by the discrepancy between their imaginative and their actual life. A romantic, he could not conceive them except in terms of some private fantasy, almost spell-like in its power and completeness, the nature of which they themselves only half-understood. This was why he responded so keenly to the mystery and charm of childhood and also, perhaps, why, when he set out to write a book avowedly autobiographical, he chose to write about himself when young. Even so, "The Greenwood Hat," when it first appeared in 1930, was printed privately and only circulated among friends.

"The Greenwood Hat."

Its form is original and at the same time characteristic. As his Scottish stories showed, Barrie could use his own life as literary material much more readily when he could think of himself in the third person, as a character in fiction, than when compelled to adopt the autobiographer's uncompromising "I," and it is almost as a character in fiction that he makes his bow to us here. He is "Anon," or, in moments of special intimacy, "James Anon." Over this unrevealing signature he contributed, in the late 'eighties, many articles to the *St. James's Gazette* and other journals, and it is a selection of these articles, "not the worst," he humorously observes, which forms the text—or the greater part of the text—of "The Greenwood Hat." I say "text" advisedly, for each of the separate pieces is followed by a commentary linking them to the author's life; sometimes wistful in mood as befits (to quote Lord Baldwin's preface) "seventy looking at twenty-five," often apologetic in tone, these commentaries, with the memories they awake, constitute a kind of story, a story to which fancies, as he himself explains, have the same right of entry as facts. A better right, perhaps. Facts as such had as little interest for Barrie as they had for Henry James—about whom he tells a very amusing story. And it is noteworthy that the facts about himself, which he relates with the greatest relish, are negative. He never in his life gave an interview to the Press, or went inside the British Museum, nor (stranger still) would he willingly enter a theatre, except to see a rehearsal.

Portrait of the Author as a Young Man.

Still, a portrait emerges, the portrait of a young man who left Dumfries with twelve pounds in his pocket, bound for London; with the modest pecuniary ambition of making a pound a day, with the grandiose literary ambition of becoming (as he says) the "heaviest" writer in England.—

Let us survey our hero as he sits awake in a corner of his railway compartment. . . . He has a suspicious eye, poor gomeril, for any fellow-traveller who is civil to him. He is gauche and inarticulate, and as thin as a pencil but not so long (and is going to be thinner). Expression, an uncomfortable blank. Wears thick boots (with nails in them), which he will polish specially for social functions. Carries on his person a silver watch bought for him by his father from a pedlar on fourteenth birthday (that was a day). Carries it still. . . . Has no complete dress suit in his wooden box, but can look every inch as if attired in such when backed against a wall. Manners, full of nails like his boots. Ladies have decided that he is of no account, and he already knows this and has private anguish thereanent. Hates sentiment as a slave may hate his master . . .

The last two sentences are especially revealing. They explain why Barrie disliked sitting in a room with a looking-glass; they suggest the core of bitterness in those apparently frivolous essays, "The Saddest Word" and "Of Shorter Heroes and Heroines Who Roll." They explain, too, why the sentimentalism which was master of Barrie's mind was every now and then disturbed by an interruption almost brutal in its fierce recognition of some unlovely trait in human nature. Such outbursts seldom occur in the reminiscential Barrie of "The Greenwood Hat." He treats himself and his contemporaries with an exquisite urbane playfulness which never hardens into censure or stoops to patronage; there is something invulnerable in its mellowness. His later style is more informal and relaxed, more given to parenthesis, than his earlier. The essays, indeed, are miracles of grace, lightness, and compression. They may not be very profound or display great range of mood and feeling, but within their limitations they are perfect. Never heavy, yet never trivial, Anon wings his way over these gossamer pages, sometimes, with negligent virtuosity, finishing a piece with a slight quickening of a pace that already seemed as fast as prose could make it. They are pure gold—"gold to aëry thinness beat"—and may well have inspired George Moore to proclaim that Barrie was "one of the most beautiful writers of the English language that ever lived."

These REHEARSAL PICTURES OF SIR THOMAS BEECHAM CONDUCTING ARE HIGHLY UNUSUAL, *as they show him with a cigar in his mouth, glasses on his nose, and a score before him. As is well known, his musical memory is so remarkable that he never conducts from the score at a concert. He was snapped at rehearsal with the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the H.M.V. Studios, St. John's Wood. His Sunday Afternoon Concerts at Covent Garden are one of the delights of London this winter.*

"They That Reap."

Señor Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes is a Mexican born and bred, and his story of a native Indian village, convulsed and all but ruined by the interference of the white man, carries conviction only too well. These poor, well-mannered and, on the whole, amiable people

[*Continued overleaf.*

The Golf Ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Mary's Hospital was attended by many well-known golfers. This group consists of MISS MERVYN BARTON, MR. KEN BRADDON, MISS PAM BARTON, *winner of the British and the American Ladies' Championships in 1936, and* MR. HENRY GARSIDE.

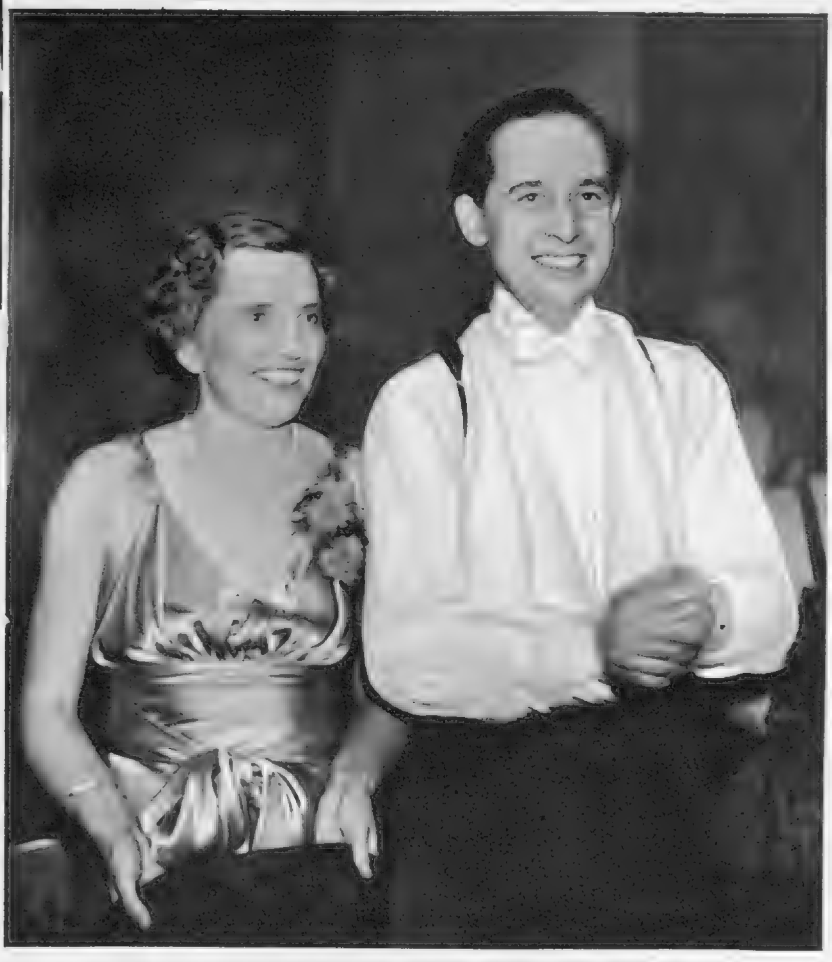
MR. J. S. F. MORRISON *and* MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP *tried their hands at darts. Mr. Morrison won the Belgian Amateur Championship in 1929. Miss Cradock-Hartopp has held numerous titles.*

MISS KATHLEEN GARNHAM, *who has won the Essex Ladies' Championship and the French Ladies' title.*

MISS PHYLLIS WADE, *winner of the English Ladies' Championship in 1934.*

MRS. DALE BOURN, *wife of the well-known player,* MRS. G. CARBUTT, MR. ROBERT SWEENY, *British Amateur Champion, and* MR. G. CARBUTT *are the quartet in this group (l. to r.).*

MRS. I. E. DE MOSS, HENRY COTTON, *the British Open Champion, the* HON. DROGO MONTAGU, *son of Lord Sandwich, and the* HON. MRS. DROGO MONTAGU, *are seen (l. to r.) in this group.*



MISS DIANA FISHWICK, *winner of the British Ladies' Championship in 1930, and* MR. ERIC MARTIN SMITH, *British Amateur Champion in 1931, are watching the indoor driving. Mr. Martin Smith took off his dress coat to swing freely.*

GOLFERS ON THE PARQUET.

Continued.]

had always clung to their old way of life and mistrusted the white man; and how right they were! "They That Reap" records two attempts to invade their solitude: the first frankly selfish and, though it left injurious effects that went on gathering like a snowball, transitory; the second ostensibly benevolent, since it included the building of a road and a plan to organise the village on up-to-date lines, but actually still more pernicious, and apparently permanent.

The first and most interesting part of the story tells how the three white men came to the village in quest (as they said) of rare herbs. But it was gold they were after; and when their guide refused to disclose its whereabouts they tortured him. He made his escape, but in doing so, broke his leg, and as there was no one to set it he remained a cripple for life. The outraged villagers turned on the white men and killed one of them; that was the limit of their vengeance. When the District Commissioner started a punitive expedition, they fled to the hills and only returned when gentler counsels prevailed among the whites. As far as outside interference went, the episode of the tortured guide was now at an end. But in the *rancheria* its results were only just beginning to make themselves felt. Deprived of his bride (for who would marry a cripple?), the luckless youth called in a witch-doctor, to damage the person and family of his successful rival; three paper dolls bristling with thorns were unearthed in the latter's garden. But the intended victim found an even more powerful magician, who not only counteracted (for the moment, at any rate) the local man's spells, but (if the strange scratches on the dead man told a true tale) killed him into the bargain. Whether the deaths that afterwards afflicted both families could be attributed to witchcraft I do not know; but when the epidemic of small-pox had finally subsided, the cripple was the only representative of either party to be left alive.

MRS. SYLVIA S. KINGHAM, *the sculptor, was recently re-elected Chairman of the Women's International Art Club.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAY VAUGHAN.

Señor Fuentes relates all these curious happenings extremely well. Since they, and the conditions which gave them birth, are commonplaces of his experience, he does not exaggerate, or "write them up"; he makes them seem perfectly natural. The rest of the story is less impressive. The rise of the "leader," who begins by trying to unite the Indians to their own advantage and ends by seeking his own, and the building of the road which disorganised and demoralised the entire community, these events, though distressing, are slightly confused in the telling; nor are they a logical outcome of the "incident" which precipitated trouble in the village. But the book is well worth reading for its high imaginative quality and for the insight it gives into tracts of human nature hitherto unexplored.

ELENA GLAZOUNOV, *daughter of the composer, the late Alexander Glazounov, was the soloist in the performance of her father's Piano Concerto No. 2 in B, which was given at the Beecham Covent Garden Concert the other Sunday. Our striking photograph shows her at rehearsal before the concert.*

"Black Cæsar."

Mr. Theodore Strauss's "Black Cæsar" is a social document too; but I feel less convinced of its reliability. Not because of what happens in it, though that is startling enough. A small town in the Southern States of America goes mad with blood-lust because a white woman declared she had been raped by a negro. She made this statement to her father, who was beating her with a strap for staying out late; but she had no idea who the negro was. (It turned out later that the culprit was a white man who was only, so to speak, acting on the girl's instructions.) However, Cæsar, a member of the road-construction gang working near the town, was accused and imprisoned. His friend George, who had been with him when the rape was supposed to have been committed, pleaded for him with the sheriff; a courageous but unpopular move. A party of hooded men took George for a ride, and having said prayers over him, proceeded to beat him up. This is only the prelude to the proper business of the tale—the mob's massed attack on the road-construction gang, who had taken Cæsar under their protection and defended him to the last.

No doubt such incidents do occur fairly frequently in the United States, but Mr. Strauss, who is nothing if not a literary artist, goes "all out" for extra dramatic effects; nor does he hesitate to make use of coincidences and improbabilities. After the beating he got, George could hardly have moved for a week; yet we find him the next day attending a prayer meeting, where his presence so alarms the elder in charge (the same elder who conducted the religious rites of the hooded men) that it gives him a stroke. Such inventions, effective as they are, take the story out of the realm of reality and somehow mitigate its grimness, as does also the ready wit and repartee—characteristic of "tough" novels—which nearly all the characters have at their tongues' ends. Were it less sensational, "Black Cæsar" would be a more telling indictment of "lynch law," and possibly a more satisfying work of art. In any case, it is a brilliant and exciting story, and those who have the courage to take it up will not readily lay it down.

"Thirty Million Gas Masks."

Miss Sarah Campion knows a good deal about human nature: she dealt with one aspect of it—the provincial-academical—very cleverly in "Cambridge Blue." But "Thirty Million Gas Masks," which is first and foremost a work of propaganda, shows her, I think, too much absorbed with abstractions. Her handful of characters, most of whom occupy the same house in Cambridge, all hold strong political views and voice them: Judith, the heroine, is the one uncompromising pacifist in the group. There is a great deal of argument, and when, after their settlement has been destroyed by a bomb, the inmates are translated to another sphere of being, the arguments continue. They are generally put forward with skill and defended with heat, but one tires of them: they do not sufficiently reveal character, and in the end, by traversing the ground so often, they confuse one's sense of the issues. "Thirty Million Gas Masks" is an earnest and sincere experiment, but its theme does not permit Miss Campion to do herself justice. She is the author of three other novels—"Cambridge Blue," to which I have already referred, "Duet for Female Voices," and "If She is Wise"—which are all interesting books.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Greenwood Hat. Being a Memoir of James Anon. 1885-1887. By J. M. Barrie. (*Peter Davies; 8s. 6d.*)

They That Reap. By Gregorio Lopez y Fuentes. (*Harrap; 7s. 6d.*)

Black Cæsar. By Theodore Strauss. (*Heinemann; 6s.*)

Thirty Million Gas Masks. By Sarah Campion. (*Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.*)

DANIELLE DARRIEUX
JAPAN-ED FOR "PORT ARTHUR."

The beautiful DANIELLE DARRIEUX, *the French actress who played Marie Vetsera in the screen story of the historic tragedy of "Mayerling," is here seen transformed into the likeness of a half-Japanese, half-Russian girl, Youki, heroine of the new French picture "Port Arthur," which deals with the Russian-Japanese War of 1904. There are sensational battle scenes in this picture, which has been made by Pierre O'Connell and Nicholas Farkas, of "La Bataille" fame.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

"OH! YOU LETTY," to be seen at the Palace, is a musical piece whose content is fortunately a good deal better than its title. It is a play with at least one difference. The scene is set in a Garden City amid the homes of Business Gentlemen who actually have a business and go to work. The idea of anybody in a musical comedy going to work is revolutionary. The workers in this case are manufacturers of bedsteads, which may pass, I suppose, for a romantic occupation and might give occasion for a Spring Song sung by a lady called Vi. But when we meet our brace of bed-mongers, in the shape of Mr. Sydney Howard and Mr. Wylie Watson, we know that romance has flown out of the window.

Sherriffs' snapshots from "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA," *at the Westminster. Brigadier-General Ezra Mannon* (MARK DIGNAM), *representing an amalgamation of Grant, Lee, Sherman, Jackson, Sheridan, Jefferson, and every other general of the period that we ever learned of by tale or history. His part, as his name might suggest, is Agamemnon's, and he dies violently in bed.*

"That was not my medicine!" Pregnant utterance by Ezra Mannon, as he realises his wife has poisoned him. Christine (LAURA COWIE) *fulfils the destiny of Clytemnestra.*

Mr. Howard wishes, for reasons which I cannot remember and which possibly never existed, to marry his daughter to Mr. Watson. Since the girl is a film-fan and holds that all men should be as strong and handsome as the Great Gable, since, too, Mr. Wylie is as drab a specimen of charmer as ever caught the 8.15 up to the counting-house and the 6.10 home, a mate in two moves seem unlikely. Mr. Howard, being a profound thinker with a nice way of flapping a reflective fin and generally resembling a contemplative codfish, determines to make Mr. Wylie a more marketable article by fixing him with a hectic Hollywood past. And so to the usual complications.

Mr. Watson brings his 'cello and a wan smile to the party, while Mr. Howard tiptoes into trouble and joins the chamber-music with a double bass. There is fun with film-stars and a broadcast, and above all with Miss Bertha Belmore, who, as a Garden City Matron, lifts the Palace's exalted roof by combining the hand that rocks the cradle with the foot that rules the world. Miss Phyllis Stanley arrives as a flaming film-star among the suburbans and I wished that she had come earlier and with a better part. For in musical shows, when this lady is engaged, my stage-policy would be "On, Stanley, on," as early in the show as possible. My final reflections about "Oh! You Letty," were that the company played it a bit too gently on the first night. Broader methods and wilder nonsense would help. There is no need to salute Mr. Howard's genius yet again. We know, to our pleasure, all about that. Let him revel for our joy. And may the Watsonian fun be projected with a more vigorous hand, a more antic disposition, a franker pursuit of lunacy. Garden Cities can do with crazy pavements, especially if they are to become the location of romping musical shows.

Mr. Alex Coppel's play, "I KILLED THE COUNT," is highly ingenious and merits a Christmas (or later) visit to the Whitehall. I had no idea that anything new could be done with the corpse-and-crime stuff and have long reconciled myself to learning, about 10.55 p.m., that the innocent-looking uncle from Australia was really the hand that launched a dozen of the nastiest murders. Mr. Coppel is not working that line of country any more, and wisely. Instead, he mystifies us by showing, apparently, that the same cadaver can die a dozen deaths or, at any rate, some three or four. That is not such good news for those of us who are still alive. If we are going to be fatally bombed and gassed, we should like to know that it cannot happen more than once.

However, Mr. Coppel, having created the most astonishing tangle of repeated homicide, extricates himself from the mess with great dexterity, and I can guarantee, what can never be asserted of most corpse-plays, that the article is fresh. Here and there maybe it is (or was) a trifle long: faster playing will be an advantage. But of the welcome novelty there is no doubt. Mr. Coppel has really "thought of a new one." He does not bother to invent new types, but his management has provided a cast which knows all about making the best of the old ones. Mr. Merritt is a burly detective of the old school, and Mr. Clunes a slim one—of the Old School Tie. Both are excellent. Mr. Hugh E. Wright, as the mysterious lift-man, has never looked more lean and lonesome. Mr. Antony Holles, Miss Meriel Forbes and Miss Kathleen Harrison add distinct and distinctive forms of comedy. Mr. Athole Stewart is a peer in a pickle and Mr. Eric Maturin is the liveliest of corpses.

Another recent murder-play was "MEN AT LIBERTY," by Messrs. Stanley Anderson and Alec Morrice, produced by the "G" Club in its work for "Brighter Sundays." Since the drama contained seduction, paralysis, murder, madness, and unjust conviction it was all for the delight of those who find their Sabbatical brightness amid abundant bloodshed. I fancy that, if this piece is to be turned into a commercial article, it will need a good deal of pulling together: it struck me as rather dilatory and fragmentary, but there was a good idea for a tight, hard-hitting drama inside it. Mr. Allan Jeayes, as a man with a load of conscience, played on our nerves, played on the piano, and also played the authors as good a turn as might be.

"Impatience upon a monument." Lavinia Mannon (BEATRIX LEHMANN), *the Electra of that fated household, takes her station at the porch, her powerful mind fixed upon the study of vengeance. She wears the mourning that so well becomes her.*

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA" (Westminster). 7.—"ROBERT'S WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—"HIDE AND SEEK" (Hippodrome). 8.15. "VICTORIA REGINA" (Lyric). 8.30.—"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40. **PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING:** "OH! YOU LETTY" (Palace). 8.15.—"THANK YOU, MR. PEPYS" (Shaftesbury). 8.30.—"THE PHANTOM LIGHT" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"PEOPLE AT SEA" (Apollo). 8.30.—"IT'S IN THE BAG" (Saville). 8.30.—"AUTUMN" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—"ST. MORITZ" (Coliseum). 2.30 and 8.15.—"GOING GREEK" (Gaiety). 8.15.—"I HAVE BEEN HERE BEFORE" (Royalty). 8.30.—"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—"TIME AND THE CONWAYS" (Duchess). 8.30.—"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—"CREST OF THE WAVE" (Drury Lane). 8.15.—"I KILLED THE COUNT" (Whitehall). 8.30.

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

HOLLYWOOD'S latest crazy comedy, "TRUE CONFESSION," at the Plaza, is a smartly written, effervescent entertainment, well attuned to the festive season, for all that its merry conflict hinges on a murder. Here is a case of who did not, rather than who did, kill Otto Kramer, an elderly amorist with a weakness for blonde secretaries. The pretty wife of a struggling lawyer is the first claimant for the dubious honour, and she is moved to plead guilty not because she did the deed, but because she is a born liar, with her pretty head stuffed with romantic nonsense, and because she wants to give her husband a chance to win his spurs in a sensational case. So she trumps up a tale of shooting in defence of her virtue, whereas we know she defended it extremely well with a shrewd, if unsporting, punch below the belt. On the wings of notoriety, the young couple soar to affluence and a lake-side villa, when in steps claimant number two, a crazy criminologist, whose attempt at blackmail pricks the shining bubble of the honest lawyer's plea for "womankind," but fails in its financial purpose, since this confession too is faked. The screen-play, based on a comedy by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr, has been cleverly converted by Claude Binyon into a gaily-decorated arena in which the characters spar and wrangle and let off their comic crackers with great effect, be it under the judge's dignified nose or even in a prison cell. Wesley Ruggles has directed the piece at high pressure, on a top note of hilarity, for these pixilated people have left the gentleness of Mr. Deeds far behind and are acquiring the boisterous humour of the practical joker, who gets his laughs at his victim's expense. But the play is vastly entertaining, fluently developed, and acted with appropriate zest. Carole Lombard, as the girl who simply could not tell the truth, is as charming as she is intelligent, heralding each lie with tongue in cheek and the glow of a poet's inspiration. Fred MacMurray's blend of baffled honesty and devotion is excellently done, whilst John Barrymore skips in and out of the well-invented action, down-at-heel but dapper, punctilious in speech and the most gleefully pixilated of them all.

The Regal will no doubt be the Mecca of many happy youngsters during the holidays, for the new Shirley Temple picture, "HEIDI," makes first-class Christmas fare. Nor need the juveniles' grown-up companion face a naïve and sentimental story with the resignation of the adult indulging the young, for this adaptation of Johanna Spyri's not quite, but nearly, up-to-date fairy-tale, is flicked into humour by Arthur Treacher's amusing butler, and by little Shirley herself at the top of her form. It is, moreover, delightfully set in the Bavarian Alps and in a Frankfort not too modern to permit of sleighs and carolling students, torches lighting up the snowy streets, and lamps to shed a golden light on Christmas festivities. Shirley appears as an orphan handed over by a hard-hearted aunt to a grumpy old Santa Claus of the mountains, who soon smiles benevolently, through fearsome whiskers, on the engaging child. She is snatched from her paradise by the aunt, who practically sells her to the companion of a wealthy crippled girl in Frankfort. How Shirley wins the cripple back to health and is at last reunited with her beloved grandfather—after an exciting dash for freedom—makes up a story artless enough, yet full of escapade for the lively little star, whose attempts to yodel and to milk goats are varied by dance and song in a Dutch dream.

Baroness Orczy's famous hero, Sir Percy Blakeney, defies the guillotine once again in "THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (Tivoli), though this time it is not the plight of the French aristocrats that persuades him to risk his neck, but the kidnapping of the fair Lady Blakeney by Robespierre's tools. Indeed, the "dem'd elusive Pimpernel" is quite ready to settle down to the joys of cricket and the pride of a *paterfamilias* (for a little Pimpernel is delicately promised), were it not that the scheming Chauvelin ardently desires his return. For it is Chauvelin's head or Blakeney's if the "sea-green incorruptible" is to be satisfied. With Lady Blakeney lured from the amenities of Brighton and plunged into the perils of Paris, where, as an opening scene has thoroughly emphasised, Madame Guillotine and her court of *tricoteuses* are still busily at work, the Pimpernel throws dreams of domesticity to the winds and follows hot-foot. Plot and counterplot, escape, recapture, and, of course, several comic disguises for the intrepid Percy, culminate in the overthrow of Robespierre, for which, it would appear, the Pimpernel was entirely responsible. The picture is handsomely set both in sunny Brighton and in fear-ridden Paris. Under the direction of Hans Schwartz, the crowd-scenes, notably the rising tide of mob-hysteria that sweeps through the Chamber of Deputies and the cobbled streets after the tyrant's downfall, are finely handled. But the director's pace is something too deliberate and too careful in preparation for a swash-buckling romance in which the excitement of rapid action is the right and only ally for fictional audacities.

Switch over to "PEOPLE AT SEA," *at the Apollo. The remaining passengers aboard the burnt-out S.S. "Zillah" find themselves at the mercy of mutineers. Professor Pawlet, resolute in his belief in the quantum theory, and backed by sound common sense, assassinates the ringleader, and all is well. Nona Stockton* (CARLA LEHMANN) *likes a bit of fun as well as anyone. Miriam Pick* (VIVIENNE BENNETT) *is the Lady Macbeth or Madame Defarge, or somebody, of the mutiny. Professor Pawlet* (EDWARD CHAPMAN) *murders without qualms. Paddy Boyne* (TORIN THATCHER) *dies without knowing why. Ashford Myricks* (MACDONALD PARKE) *has hankerings after the Wild West. Valentine Avon* (MARTIN FIELDING) *has a conviction that right is might. Diana Lismore* (JEAN MUIR) *is up to the eyes in dope. As a sidelight on the trend of the story, Valentine Avon, the dipsomaniac, and Diana Lismore, the drug-addict, decide to marry, so that in combination they may knock up a more real life.*

FILMS YOU MUST SEE: "UN CARNET DE BAL" (Studio One).—"100 MEN AND A GIRL" (Leicester Square Theatre).—"LE ROMAN D'UN TRICHEUR" (Academy).
FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING: "TRUE CONFESSION" (Plaza).—"MONICA AND MARTIN" (Berkeley).—"LO SQUADRONE BIANCO" (Academy).—"HEIDI" (Regal).—"THE RETURN OF THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL" (Tivoli).
While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS OF NOTE.

MISS NANCY LYLE, *elder daughter of Sir Leonard Lyle, Bt., Chairman of the Lawn Tennis Association, is engaged to Capt. P. F. Glover, R.N. Miss Lyle is a Wightman Cup International; and ranked twelfth among our women lawn tennis players.*

CAPTAIN P. F. GLOVER, R.N., *younger son of the late Mr. John Glover, of Mereleigh, Chelford, and of Mrs. Howard Kingscote, is engaged to Miss Nancy Lyle. He has been eight times lawn tennis champion of the Royal Navy.*

The bridesmaids who attended Miss Marie McRae Smith at her wedding to Lieut.-Commander T. C. C. Lloyd were the MISSES ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM, PAMELA HARVEY, ELIZABETH BOWATER, *and* GILLIAN SHEPHARD.

The marriage of LIEUT.-COMMANDER T. C. C. LLOYD, R.N., *eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. John Lloyd, of Dinas House, Brecon, to* MISS MARIE McRAE SMITH, *daughter of the late Major W. A. Smith and of Mrs. Richmond Temple, took place at St. Clement Danes, Strand.*

The marriage of MISS MARY LINDLEY, *youngest daughter of the Hon. Sir Francis and Lady Lindley, to* MR. WILLIAM KESWICK, *son of the late Mr. Henry Keswick, took place at St. Margaret's, Tichborne.*

Left: The HON. MRS. DOROTHY GARTHWAITE, *only child of Lord and Lady Duveen, is engaged to Mr. Bryan H. Burns, F.R.C.S.*

PHOTO. BY DOUGLAS.

Right: MISS COLLEEN G. FOLEY, *youngest daughter of Mr. William Foley, is to marry Captain G. N. H. Taunton-Collins on January 7.*

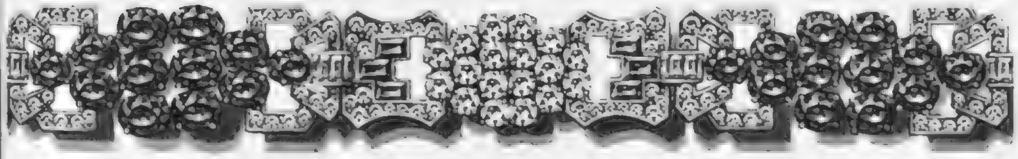
PHOTO. BY YVONNE GREGORY.

JEWELS BLAZE WITH A CONCENTRATED LIGHT.

IF you have jewels, wear them boldly. Unlock your safe and deck yourself lavishly, placing brooches, not conventionally, but wherever they are most effective: using clips casually; circling your neck with diamond necklaces by night, gold ones by day. Regard your jewels, not with the respect due to heirlooms, but in the light of accessories that can be more amusing and more brilliant than anything else in the world. If you are buying jewels, concentrate all the time on design. Look out for massed colour, for fluid curves, and for a general graceful boldness.

If you have ideas of your own, or if you just want to be ahead of everybody else's ideas, go along to Hunt and Roskell, of 25, Old Bond Street, and ask to see some of their newest designs. They never duplicate them, so whatever you most like remains yours and only yours. Allied with diamonds they say that sapphires are first favourites. Aquamarines come next. Sapphires because they look well at all times. Aquamarines because their delicate beauty is extremely flattering to Englishwomen. Not only to young ones, either. They are perfect when they are worn by the white-haired. Topaz are particularly lovely as a winter stone, for their golden warmth reflects every ray of light, and they are amazingly effective without being costly.

THE same thing is true of their new gold jewellery which is more thrilling than you can possibly imagine unless you have actually seen it for yourself. Their bold scroll clips are made in red, white, and yellow gold, matt and polished surfaces running together to accent the design, and usually the ornament is touched lightly with diamonds or precious stones to give it life. If you want to spend only £40 these gold clips will make you feel thoroughly lavish, and if you are yearning for a really large, impressive ring, get it in gold with just a tiny river of diamonds accenting the curved roundness of the flowing design.



AFTER a long period when all-diamond jewellery has reigned supreme, there is now a feeling for groups of colour concentrated to accent the easy flow of the design, with different types of cutting employed to emphasise the roundness of the setting. Motifs of sapphires and circular diamonds are linked together with pavé set diamonds and rolls of baguette diamonds in the beautifully flexible bracelet designed by Hunt and Roskell, a section of which is shown above.

Similar stones are used in both the double clips photographed on this page, either of which can be worn as a brooch, or affixed to a wide enamel bangle which clasps the wrist. The charming ear-clips also are in diamonds and sapphires, and those who are in search of presents may like to know that ear-clips in these stones may be bought for as little as £75, with double clips and bracelets ranging from £150.

The Sketch Diary of

WHEN does a woman's beauty shine most brightly? In a setting of soft luxury, caressing as a warm breeze—or against a sombre background whose dark tones throw into high relief her own brilliance and gaiety? Winter in England can be a very drab affair, a most serious menace to a woman's charm, unless she fights back at it with every weapon in her power. Once let its greyness invade her spirit and she is lost.

But let her use colours that glow against the half-tones of the day, make-up whose delicacy recalls the freshness of flowers, and perfumes that bring back their fragrance, and she is armed against the world.

WINTER'S BLEAKNESS BANISHED

NOTHING can so swiftly lift a woman's spirit as a perfume rightly chosen. Nothing can so surely express, or change, her mood. But the choosing of a perfume, it is said, is a very complicated and serious affair. So it may be, but its use is intensely personal, so the best thing to do, always, is to choose the one you like best. Among the collection of Coty perfumes are some to suit every taste and to flatter every personality.

For the woman who loves exotic things there is Â Suma, as fascinating as the bottle which holds it. This you can see for yourself in the picture at the head of the page. Beautifully carved, with a very fine stopper, it stands on a black base with little red feet, and its case is of black lacquer with a mother-o'-pearl design. You can get L'Origan, Chypre, or "Paris" in this same Presentation Bottle, at 18s. 6d. and 32s. 6d.

VERTIGE has all the delicacy and charm of old lace and painted fans. The beautiful bottle, in its satin-lined case, is shown in our photograph, with its idyllic lid on the left. You can get it from 21s., or you can buy Vertige in flat bottles with sprinkler tops for 10s. 6d. and 15s. 6d. The little gilt cherub is proudly holding up a Coty Purser, which is a gilt filigree case specially designed for carrying in the handbag. It has a coloured stopper and base, it costs 3s. 9d., and it is refillable.

L'Aimant is a general favourite which women turn to instinctively on great occasions. In a rectangular bottle, with a gilt and enamel stopper, it costs 15s. 6d. and 32s. 6d. Eau de Cologne Chyprée, lightly scented and deliciously refreshing, can be used lavishly, for you can get it from 3s. to 25s., and you will find it, with all the other Coty perfumes, at leading shops everywhere. Or you can call in at 2, New Bond Street, W., where you will be able to get helpful advice about any of the Coty preparations.

FASHION

EDITED BY
OLIVE CALEY - SMITH

THIS is a year when afternoon dresses have come into their own, and never, surely, can there have been a more delightful collection than there is now at Marshall and Snelgrove's, of Oxford Street, W.

Here, on the right, is one that was shown in their Model Gown Mid-Season Collection. In navy-blue façonné crêpe, the cross-over bodice is draped to the left side of the waist, and there is a low inset of sunray pleats at the side front and the back of the skirt. Two huge red and pink roses accent the bosom. It costs ten and a half guineas, and it can also be made in brown or black.

There are many of these flower - trimmed frocks, all most flattering to the figure, as well as a number of distinguished evening and dinner dresses, the majority of them in black combined with vivid prints and clear, plain colours.

JOHN EVERARD.

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

IT is difficult, if not impossible, to talk serious golf at this time of the year, when even descendants of "Scrooge" cannot help thinking of Christmas. Before me is a Christmas card depicting one of the earliest games of golf. It is a reproduction of a water-colour painting of about 1600, and shows the "golfers" playing on ice. There is a ship in the background, while the "links," or whatever the ice-field can be called, are crowded. I am wondering what happened to the casualties. Perhaps the group of buildings in the near distance is a hospital, for I cannot imagine golf being played in such circumstances without a great number of the skaters and bob-sleigh enthusiasts being grievously injured. What a fortunate thing for us that golf did not develop on quite the same lines! Instead of wearing comfortable clothing, we should no doubt have had to play in armour and padded clothes somewhat similar to the equipment of the modern ice-hockey enthusiast. Then, too, the one thing we might lack in this country would be the ice, for it has become an established fact that it is only necessary to announce the dates of the skating championships to ensure a rapid thaw.

Golf on Ice.

"What has this to do with golf?" you may justifiably ask. The reply is that it is Christmas time, and I feel entitled to take liberties with my subject! But so far as historians can trace, golf, or, as it was called, "kolb," did originate in a game played in Holland on ice. The game was similar in many respects to the game of golf as played to-day, but, instead of putting at a hole, a post was the objective. For that we have to thank Holland, and when we go out on Christmas morning, seeking an appetite on the links, we can console ourselves as we look at a possibly rime-covered course, that progress has at least added to the comfort of golf. There is never very much serious golf played at this time of the year, although Christmas is the occasion for some of the most important tournaments in the Antipodes. While I envy those who will be playing in the sunshine, I shall no doubt equally enjoy the competition for the Christmas sweepstake, which, fortunately, I have never won—I say fortunately, because the prize sometimes takes the form of a turkey which nobody seems to want. However, I have said it before, I know, but I cannot repeat it too frequently: don't miss your golf on Christmas Day, but, if you do, you will find it the only possible cure for "too much party" on the next day. But, having tried out those new clubs and cut through the covers of some of the new golf-balls which Santa Claus so generously bestowed upon you, the discussion will naturally turn to golf, even as you display your good fortune to your friends.

Pleasant Reflections.

You will probably become reminiscent, as do most of us at this time of the year, but, so far as I am concerned, I have no intention of reviewing the past season. On the other hand, it would be a serious omission on my part if I failed to touch upon the subject, however sketchily. In the first place, I regard the past season as one from which we can derive a great deal of satisfaction. All three of the major British championships—the Ladies', the Amateur, and the Open—were retained by this country. The feat of Miss Jessie Anderson, the diminutive player who crams so much skill into golf that she belies the idea that physical strength is at all necessary, sets us thinking that we may look forward to next season's international programme with equanimity. If Miss Anderson can win the Ladies' Championship from such a strong field as she did this year, there must be many other young players who can meet any challenge from abroad. In the Amateur Championship there was considerable opposition from overseas, but that title was retained by a home-bred golfer. I hasten to acknowledge that the United States shares the honours, for the champion, Robert Sweeny, is American born. Still, he has lived most of his young life in this country, and founded his successful golfing career while at Oxford University. In other words, he is a product of British golf.

The Brightest Spot.

The last Open Championship will no doubt become an historical event. It is only in retrospect that one is able fully to appreciate the glorious achievement of Henry Cotton's second success. A few days previous to the Championship at Carnoustie, Britain had not only been beaten for the first time in the professional international match against the United States in this country, but the victors in the Ryder Cup match had made our team look foolish by an overwhelming success. We went to the Open in pessimistic frame of mind, the qualifying stages of the event confirmed our bitterest thoughts, and just when things looked most hopeless, British professional golf rose to the occasion and completely outclassed the strongest attack that had ever been launched against it. Cotton's glorious achievement in winning the Open Championship on one of the most difficult courses in the country was perhaps the brightest spot in the closing year.

MISS LEILA ARCHER *and* MR. JOHN LANGLEY *were guests at the annual Golf Ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of St. Mary's Hospital. Mr. Langley won the Boys' Championship in 1935 and was runner-up in the English Championship in the following year.*

Putting-boards were among the side-shows at the Golf Ball—and, naturally, the famous players who attended the festivity could not resist trying their skill. Here MISS ENID WILSON *(l.) and* MISS DORIS CHAMBERS *are putting with concentration. Miss Wilson won the British Ladies' Open Championship in 1931, '32 and '33, and has held many other titles.*

*The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES: The Illustrated **Sporting and Dramatic** News; Every Friday.*

DRAWN BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

A WHITE AND MERRY CHRISTMAS IN WINTERSPORTSLAND.

At this season of the year we all become winter sports-conscious, and very wisely, too, for it's only by going to the snow- and ski-centres that you're certain of enjoying a white Christmas-card Christmas. On this page we give Bryan de Grineau's impressions of some of the fun at St. Moritz, one of the "three graces of Switzerland"—the other two being Mürren and Pontresina.

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"YES: rather more than we expected. There's not what you might call an excess of business, but we manage to pick up a bit of chicken-food here and there, so to speak."

"Your clients are buying things for payment in the New Year, eh?"

"Some are. Others want cash for income tax and sur-tax and dog licences——"

"And motor licences."

"I've had to content myself with a season ticket on my bus route. Motor licences worry me no longer."

"But who pays income tax in January?"

"Any number of people do. They like to know how they stand, and I believe the Government prefer to get the money in as soon as they can."

"Probably. Is there much selling of stocks and shares to provide the tax-claims?"

"There's a bit, every year; that goes without saying. It isn't everyone who keeps a bank balance large enough to satisfy Neville Chamberlain and his merry men at the beginning of a new year."

"You mean that people do sell stock in order to pay their taxes?"

"I say that some of them do. That particular type of selling we see, as a rule, about the middle part of January. It hasn't been at all obvious so far."

"You get it mainly in the War Loan and other Gilts, I suppose?"

"Principally we do. But please don't say 'Gilts': it sets Stock Exchange teeth on edge."

"The newspapers use it."

"That's because they think it sounds technical and—and—what is the word I want?"

"'Professional'?"

"M'yes: that's the idea. You rarely hear it in the House, though."

"Is the War Loan gingerbread going to lose its gilt?"

"In the coming year? I don't see why it should. The Government's rearmament policy requires cheap money. There will be big national borrowing in 1938, and you can bet your boots that money-rates will be kept down as long as it suits the Treasury to have them low."

"There are plenty of other big borrowers about."

"And plenty of money available for taking what attractive stock those borrowers like to offer."

"You won't see a great deal of that capital until after the turn of the year."

"Don't be too sure of that. After all, new issues are not often called up in full all at once. You can buy lightly-paid scrip, you know, and pay the calls only when they fall due."

"You once told me that the public don't care for partly-paid stocks and shares."

"Did I? Well, it's as true now as it was when I might have said it. You will nearly always find that fully-paid things are more popular than light scrip."

"And you think that is logical?"

"No; it isn't, as a matter of fact. If you can buy renunciation-letters of part-paid stock or shares, you often save stamp-duty. And that's a matter of twenty shillings on a hundred pounds: twopence-ha'penny on a one-pound share, you know."

"That's a consideration," said Our Stroller. "All those new things that came out last year are fully-paid, I suppose?"

"Oh, long ago. Most of them are standing well below the prices they reached when there was such a rush for them."

"I know. But why is that? It puzzles me, because a number of the concerns are living up to the profits estimated in the prospectuses, or the particulars published when the shares were introduced."

"Why is it? Rising costs, for one thing. Unemployment is up: that's another factor. Loss of appetite on the part of the public is a third. And that's making no allowance for foreign politics."

"They have nothing to do with oil shares, say; or motor companies, or laundries."

"You're forgetting the sympathy that exists between one market and every other round the House."

"That's one of the things I never could understand, and shall never be able to. Sounds to me absurd. After all, there's just as much gold in the ground, either in the Transvaal or West Africa or India, whether China is at war with Japan, or whether she isn't."

"You might as well argue that the amount of latex in a rubber-tree is unaffected by the falling-off in the United States' capacity to absorb the Steel Corporation's normal output."

"Same thing."

"My dear boy, you're too elementary. Too simple. Think, for one moment."

"So near to Christmas?"

"Supposing you held Chinese bonds and South African mining shares. Your Chinese bonds have fallen because of the doubt as to the coupon-payments being made."

"That's only natural. But my Kaffirs——"

"You happen to want money. In your business; to buy a house or a car——"

"Or a season-ticket on the buses."

"Or to pay taxes. Something has to be sold. Your Chinese bonds are too low for their sale to realise the money you require. So you will have to let go some of your South African shares. Don't you see?"

"There are people who have money to buy them. You've just said that capital is not wanting."

"Ah, but the chap with the cash, the investor—or the speculator—he thinks it may pay him to wait to see if he can buy more cheaply."

"Why should he?"

"Because any atmosphere of uncertainty makes him cautious. That's where this element of sympathy comes in. What would you do if somebody gave you a thouand pounds?"

"Are you offering the stock?"

"Wish I could. But what would you do?"

"I'd stand him a drink."

"Come on, then: I'll owe you the thousand quid. But, seriously——"

"I would put the money on deposit and have a good look round your markets."

"That is what folks are doing to-day. Waiting. Having a good look round. Keeping their powder dry before deciding what to have a shot at. Now do you understand?"

"There are other things besides those you've mentioned so plaintively."

"Plenty: most of them are making people feel more cautious than commercial. Just get that into your noddle, and you will grasp the real reason why your shares don't go up as you think they ought to do."

"Perhaps the New Year will help them to feel more commercial, as you call it."

"I should say that's what can be expected to happen. Maybe the wish is father to the thought."

"Or mother to the thoughtless, eh? Am I taking up too much of your time? Don't you want to go over to the Stock Ex——."

Our Stroller pulled up to read the Committee's notice that the Stock Exchange would be closed at 2 p.m. on Christmas Eve.

"Two hours earlier than the proper time," observed his broker. "It's something new, this year."

"What's the reason for it?" Our Stroller demanded.

"Oh, well, you see, there's nothing doing in those two hours, and so the horse-play gets rather fast and furious. Old people like you and I are apt to get hurt."

"And you mean to tell me that your Committee can't control it?"

"Be sensible. How do you suppose that any Committee could stop horse-play by about two or three thousand fellows with nothing to do; and with Christmas only a few hours off?"

"I suppose it would be a trifle difficult. But if you had a chairman like Mussolini, or Hitler, or Roosevelt——"

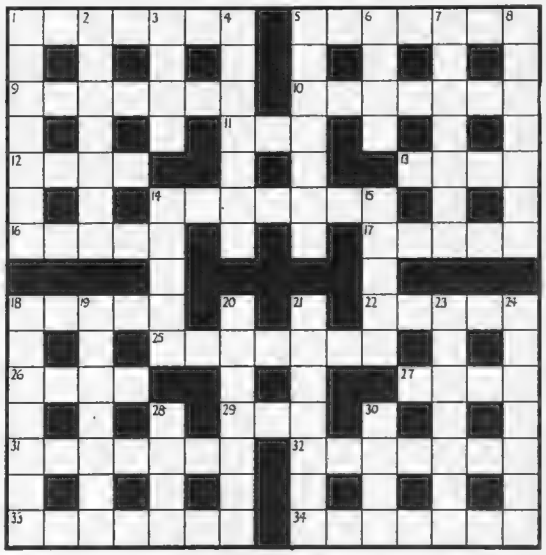
"We have a Scotsman instead. And he is a better man than all your dictators rolled into one. There's something about the Scotch that appeals to all of us."

"It won't unless we rush," said Our Stroller in mock alarm. "Look at the time! Come on. We'll just make it if we hurry."

They did both.

Friday, Dec. 17, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. The design of this grower is obvious (7).
5. What are bought by the yard and worn by the foot? (7).
9. Can nothing new in the swell be familiarly but severely lectured? (Two words: 4 and 3).
10. Taking the waters is no instance of it (7).
11. Not all last month (3).
12. Can you think of anything else for this? (4).
13. Judge who would not carry your bag in Arcadia (4).
14. Not beating about the bush (7).
16. He won't thank you for taking his part, but this, of course, is only meant in play (5).
17. Fruit you can't always remember (5).
18. Empty-sounding title (5).
22. Shy (5).
25. Sharing (Anagram) (7).
26. Does it open for a carriage? (4).
27. Photo. of vessels retiring (4).
29. Three in the afternoon (3).
31. Does he keep a suspense account? (7).
32. Building in better taste, I think (7).
33. When we have cups given us (Two words: 3 and 4).
34. You put him up though he may not be your guest (7).

DOWN.

1. Irishman and his girl always on one's knee (7).
2. Is beer intended for this sort of complaint? (7).
3. He often made a tremendous hit, but why say he's no end of an author? (4).
4. Seeks an asylum (7).
5. A person you can but don't specify is not necessarily convinced (7).
6. The makings of a bore (4).
7. Might be a gentle as well as a flattering description (7).
8. Innuendos are cunning lodgings (Two words: 3 and 4).
14. Professional not much good, it appears, and no good with the spoon, either! (5).
15. Longfellow's rhyme for pleadeth (5).
18. If this Surrey village finds them so, why doesn't it wear shorts? (7).
19. The foundations of such a building would seem to be decayed (7).
20. Settle (7).
21. What a good service may mean (7).
23. People are beginning to talk of something (7).
24. Empty (7).
28. Black body (4).
30. A thousand under a tree provide a business-like sort of foundation (4).

FLAMING YOUTH TO DANCE-IN 1938 AT THE CHELSEA ARTS.

The theme for the CHELSEA ARTS CLUB BALL, *to be held as usual on New Year's Eve, Friday, December 31, at the Royal Albert Hall, will be* FLAMING YOUTH. *The setting has been designed by Professor Gerald Moira and the centrepiece by Mr. Charles Wheeler, A.R.A. On this page we reproduce Alexander Bilibin's drawing of the Wheeler centrepiece.*

MOTOR DICTA.

By H. E. SYMONS.

WITH the recent adoption of traffic lights in Piccadilly Circus in place of the control by point-duty policemen which was the method employed until a few weeks ago, a centre which is believed to be the busiest and certainly one of the most complicated in London has now conformed to the modern system of regulation. From my own experiences I am certain that "robot" control will prove itself quite satisfactory, although some adjustments of the time-phasing will undoubtedly be necessary from time to time in order to find the most suitable arrangement. Because of its tricky problems, traffic experts studied this delta for a long time before adopting the robot layout, and it is interesting to recall that it was several years ago when an almost equally important centre at Trafalgar Square was deemed ripe for alteration from manual to automatic operation. Hyde Park Corner is another difficult point, and the lights here have been installed for a fairly long period. This spot was once declared the busiest in London, but I think I am correct in stating that Piccadilly now heads the list with some 50,000 vehicles per day. There are seven roads to be controlled, and it is, of course, the peak hours that produce the real problem for either manual or automatic systems.

I doubt whether any other nation has adopted traffic lights to quite the same extent as Great Britain, although it is employed fairly generally in the big cities of nearly all other civilised countries. The majority seem to favour a central controlling light suspended over a crossing and the use of the intermediate amber warning light is by no means as common abroad as it is universal in England. Our own systems are probably more expensive to install and maintain, but whilst the motorist is subject to such serious penalties for breaches of the regulations, he will not welcome any economy which tends to make his problems greater than they are at present.

Whilst on the subject of traffic lights, there is still too much ambiguity regarding filtration to the left. In the days of manual control by a point-duty policeman one invariably had permission, either indicated or otherwise, to turn to the left against a stop signal. There are still certain junctions in London where filtering is permitted, and a motorist taking up his position close-in to the near-side kerb is subjected to scowls and hoots if he impedes others behind him. The next junction he encounters may seem identical, but he will be in trouble if he adopts similar tactics. Where traffic lights are controlling a junction, filtering to the left is not permitted against the red light except where a green "filter" arrow is operating. In other cases it is safer to assume that filtration is not possible unless the police officer signifies permission. The traffic that is being given a right-of-way and which one may wish to join in the same direction, is probably already occupying as many traffic lanes as the road permits and the ingress of side traffic would tend to disrupt it.

The 1938 TALBOT "TEN" is a car of many refinements. In appearance and equipment it possesses numerous new features, while its brilliant road performance has been even further improved. There are three models; namely, the Sports Tourer at £248, the Sports Saloon at £255, and the Foursome Drophead Coupé at £285.

STARTING TROUBLES.

The recent cold weather has produced the inevitable crop of starting troubles for motorists. A few hours of rest in a cold parking-place or a night in an unheated garage calls all the efforts of a battery into operation. The conscientious motorist will first use the starting-handle in order to crack the solidified oil-film and wind a little petrol vapour into the induction system. He will also open the bonnet and flood the carburetter or prime the petrol pump, not worrying the battery until he has made these polite gestures towards it. And the conscientious motorist where such mechanical matters are concerned, is a rare bird indeed. Only the softest heart can be gladdened by the thought of extracting a badly-made starting-handle from its hiding-place and poking it about in the dark recesses behind the front radiator grill until it locates what should be the dogs on the crankshaft extension, but which may, after all, be a not nearly so useful obstruction. Most of us expect to get into a decent car on any cold morning, strangle the carburetter and have the engine running a few seconds later.

Car batteries that have proved satisfactory throughout the summer months may, however, suddenly refuse to move an engine and they will no longer hold their charge for any useful period. Motorists hold widely divergent views upon the life of a battery, and although I have known accumulators that are still giving 100 per cent. service after three or four years, I have often experienced troubles and replacements within a year of their manufacture. We do not pay sufficient attention to our accumulators, and manufacturers were partly responsible for this because they located these important units in the most inaccessible places. On most modern cars, batteries are now housed where the addition of distilled water is a simple matter and they can be topped-up without the need to remove the filler-plugs from the cells.

Motorists who have starting troubles would be well advised to make certain that their carburetters are properly adjusted. Lean settings that were economical in the summer may be found too weak for winter work, and a shilling or so spent with a good garage can save a lot of subsequent trouble and bother. Many cars have a mechanical type petrol pump and the engine cannot fire until the pump has moved a sufficient number of times to bring the petrol through from the rear tank. There is often a small lever attached to the pump itself, the manipulation of which by hand will bring thepetrol through and thereby ease the load on the battery.

The model in our snapshot from Sussex is a 19·8-H.P. DODGE SIX FIVE-PASSENGER SALOON, a fine-looking car whose performance lives up to its appearance.

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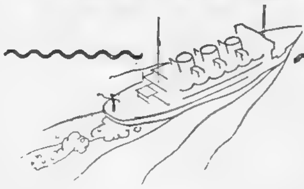

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BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DCCXXX.

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THAT TWO!

BRIDGE players don't reckon much on twos. Be that as it may, the lead of a two is most illuminating to player of the hand; in fact, it is *the* most informative of all leads, for, theoretically, it *must* mean one of two things—the lowest of four cards, or a singleton. No other lead has such a precise meaning; of course a king led signifies king, queen, or ace, king; but it *may* mean the highest of partner's suit, and some players have been known to lead a singleton king, which lead probably is the worst original lead that can be made.

Now, it is curious that, for all the valuable information given by a two lead, how little attention even high-class players pay to this lead. Here are two examples that I saw the other day where the results were unfortunate, all because player of the hand did not keep his eye on a lead of a two-spot.

(1.) SPADES—x, x.
HEARTS—10, x, x, x.
CLUBS—Q, x, x.
DIAMONDS—K, 10, 9, 8.
B
Y——————Z
A
SPADES—A, K, Q, Kn, x.
HEARTS—A, x.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, Q, 4.

(2.) SPADES—A, Kn, 10, 9, 8.
HEARTS—Q, 4, 3, 2.
CLUBS—Q, Kn, 10.
DIAMONDS—x.
B
Y——————Z
A
SPADES—Q, 5, 4.
HEARTS—A, K, Kn, 9, 8.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—A, x.

(1.) A dealt, and bid four spades. Y led the two of diamonds; B played the eight, which won the trick. Now, when Z could not beat dummy's eight of diamonds, it was a card certainty that the two was led from four to the knave. A can count five spade tricks, one heart, and three diamonds—nine altogether; and the tenth is easy if only A thought a moment at trick one. He must over-take dummy's eight of diamonds with the queen, clear trumps, then lead the ace of diamonds, follow with the four, and finesse the ten in dummy, which, as explained, has a card certainty of coming off. In (2.) the bidding was: A (dealer), one heart; B, one spade; A, two hearts; B, four hearts. Y led the two of spades. Now what is the two this time? Probably a singleton, but it does not matter whether it is a singleton or from four to the king. Dummy must put up the ace, trumps cleared, and another spade led, to be taken by the king. In actual play, A passed the two of spades up to his queen; Z took with the king, and led the king of clubs and then a spade. Y trumped, and returned a club; Z took with the ace, and led another spade, which was ruffed by Y, who led a club, and this was ruffed by Z! So YZ won six tricks, and A were three down on a hand which was a practical certainty to yield game, if only he had paid attention to that all-important lead of a little two-spot.

Here is another type of hand dealing with defensive play and where the lead of a two would save the situation. I did not see the hand played myself, but I am told the player holding Z's cards thought himself very badly used.

SPADES—Q, 5, 3.
HEARTS—A, Q.
CLUBS—A, K, 8, 4.
DIAMONDS—K, 7, 5, 3.
B

SPADES—None.
HEARTS—9, 8, 7, 6, 2. Y
CLUBS—6, 3, 2.
DIAMONDS—Kn, 10, 9, 4, 2.

SPADES—Kn, 8, 6, 4, 2.
Z HEARTS—K, 10, 5.
CLUBS—Q, 10, 7, 5.
DIAMONDS—A.

A
SPADES—A, K, 10, 9, 7.
HEARTS—Kn, 4, 3.
CLUBS—Kn, 9.
DIAMONDS—Q, 8, 6.

The contract was six spades, doubled by Z. Y led the knave of diamonds; B played small and Z won with the ace. He then led the five of clubs, and A won the trick with his knave. He was now able to kill all Z's trumps, squeeze him in diamonds, and so make his contract. Now Z, in addition to his ace of diamonds, has at least one more potential winner, the king of hearts and/or the queen of clubs. On the bidding, A must hold five trumps (spades), and it is clear that by leading through him, Z can never win a trick in trumps. That being so, at trick two, Z should accept the inevitable, and lead the two of trumps himself, when he cannot be squeezed into a game losing position—on the king, queen of diamonds he throws one heart and one club. The lead of the five of clubs was "shocking," he might just as well have led a heart right into dummy's ace-queen!

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, DEC. 15.

ACROSS.—1. Pleasant. 5. Scales. 9. Departed. 10. Affair. 12. Londoners. 14. Trice. 15. Pie. 16. Esther. 19. Rogue. 22. Heron. 23. Layman. 25. Dud. 28. Thing. 29. Ullswater. 32. Hellas. 33. Factious. 34. Thrust. 35. Gearless.

DOWN.—1. Paddle. 2. Expand. 3. Sarto. 4. Niece. 6. Cafeteria. 7. Leanings. 8. Sorcerer. 11. Osprey. 13. Net. 17. Sand-glass. 18. Hold-up. 20. Chitchat. 21. Kreisler. 24. MSS. 26. Strode. 27. Crisis. 30. Leave. 31. Water.

The beautiful photographs of "The School for Scandal," at the Queen's Theatre, published in our issue of December 1 (when they were compared to French prints and reproduced in the borders belonging to some 18th-century French prints) are fine examples of the admirable work of that famous photographer Houston Rogers, of 23, Golden Square, Piccadilly Circus, London.

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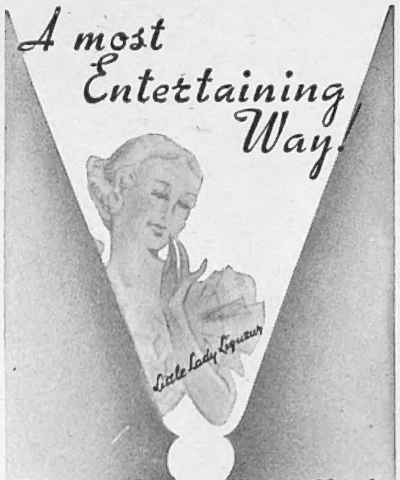

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